

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE PATHETIC SIDE OF THE HAPPY HOME-COMING OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.
THE BRAVE SOLDIER, WHO LOST HIS EYESIGHT IN THE PHILIPPINES, THINKS OF THE WELCOME WHICH AWAITS HIM AT THE HOME WHICH HE SHALL NEVER SEE AGAIN.

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Push Things!

WE believe the Minneapolis *Tribune* speaks with plainness of speech born of patriotism when, as a leading administration organ in the Northwest, it warns President McKinley that a failure to suppress the Filipino rebellion within the next six months will make his calling and election very doubtful next year. The time has come to push things to a conclusion in the Philippines, but those who harp on the cost of the war and the slow progress that is being made, and those who antagonize the administration's policy, are neither helpful nor patriotic. We are not among this number, but we do believe that there should have been less hesitation in calling for sufficient volunteers to make quick work of the Filipino insurgents.

It is fortunate that at this juncture the most eloquent member of the President's Cabinet, Postmaster-General Smith, has taken public opportunity to tell the administration's side of the story. The eloquent voice of Mr. Smith should have been heard months ago. His explanation of the difficulties that have beset us in the Philippine campaign, the embarrassments caused by the opposition in Congress to the Army bill, and the effort of the President to quietly recruit the necessary force for the war, was a revelation to the people, and quickly operated in the minds of the thoughtful and judicious to quell a rising storm of fear and distrust. General Smith is not alone in his defense of the administration. Others in position to speak have taken the side of the President in this controversy.

Admiral Dewey, according to the statement of a friend, declares that the American people cannot afford to withdraw from the Philippines; that they are building for the future and not for the present, and that they owe it to the world to retain their position. Justice John M. Harlan, of the Supreme Court, in his recent patriotic address at Rochester University, admonished those who are inclined to oppose expansion that during all the storms of the past, when many were faint-hearted as to the future, and the croaker was abroad in the land, our destiny was being worked out under the leadings of Providence, and that the same guiding hand that has watched over the American people will again bring the ship of state into the harbor of safety.

Ex-Minister Barrett, our former representative in Siam, in a recent address at Boston, begged the commercial interests of that city to remember that the whole country, and not alone the Pacific coast, is vitally concerned in the expansion of American commerce and influence throughout the Pacific seas. He added this statement, whose significance should not be lost upon the anti-expansionists:

From the mouths of not only Admiral Dewey and General Otis, but Generals MacArthur, Anderson, Hale, and Lawton, aside from scores of other army and navy officers, I heard the opinion expressed in no uncertain terms that the most encouraging influence for the Filipinos in fighting us was the spreading of the ideas through the ranks of the Filipino army that our occupation was unwarranted, the war unprovoked, our army and navy unsupported by our people, and our country about to demand the withdrawal of our forces.

Confirmation of this statement comes opportunely from General Otis, who, speaking of the efforts of the Filipinos, cables: "They proclaim near overthrow present administration, to be followed by their independence and recognition by United States. This is the influence which enables them to hold out. Much contention prevails among them, and no civil government remains." What answer is made to this startling accusation against the unpatriotic anti-expansionists? None, excepting that they deplore bloodshed, that the war upon the Filipinos is unnecessary, that it will bear no good fruit, that it is unjust, deplorable, and sanguinary, and should be abandoned.

But do these scattered Tories and malcontents bear in mind that there never was a war that did not involve injustice, that did not have its pathetic side, its deplorable events and consequences; that did not make many orphan children and thousands of wives widows; that did not impoverish the rich, destroy the poor, and slaughter the innocent?

War is war. It means bloodshed. It means grief, suffering, privation, death. But now, as always, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The reclamation of the Philippines from Spanish savagery means the establishment of a republic amid the decayed despotisms of the East, restoration of popular rights, the creation of a higher civilization, the dawning of untold prosperity, a veritable resurrection from the dead for 10,000,000 human beings.

That the Filipinos were, and still are, unable to comprehend these things is deplorable. But the consequences which they have invited they must meet. The lesson must be taught. It is a lesson of bitter and bloody chastisement, but we would be recreant to every obligation to humanity if we refused to teach it, at whatever cost.

But we must "push things"!

The Remarkable Dreyfus Case.

THE outcome of the new trial of Captain Dreyfus, announced to begin at Rennes, France, on July 31st, will be awaited with eager expectancy by the friends of truth and justice the world over. The conviction is general that Dreyfus has been the victim of one of the most villainous conspiracies ever concocted by evil men, and that he is absolutely innocent of the crime for which he was publicly degraded and for which he has suffered years of lonely and cheerless exile. Unless some new and hitherto unheard-of evidence against him is presented before the court of inquiry at Rennes, it is difficult to see how this re-examination can be more than perfunctory in its nature, with a certain and speedy judgment of acquittal for the man upon whom a monstrous wrong has been committed.

How a verdict of acquittal will be received by the French people, and what steps will afterward be taken to punish the surviving marplots who leagued themselves against Dreyfus and so nearly wrought his destruction, are questions yet to be settled. Recent political events in France would indicate that the people are prepared to stand firmly behind the new ministry in their announced determination to secure respect for all judicial decisions and "silence while decisions are prepared." The Cabinet of Monsieur Waldeck-Rousseau was formed to tide over the Dreyfus crisis, and thus far it has conducted itself with firmness, tact, and discretion. But it is never safe to predicate anything on the action of the French populace, especially in Paris, and some slight flip of popular feeling in the next few weeks may be enough to turn the scales against the present ministry.

The only element practically sure to make all the trouble it can is the shallow and frothy anti-Semite rabble led by fanatics like Dumont, who would hound Dreyfus to death because he is a Jew, if for no other cause. But there are reasons for the belief that blind and unreasoning hatred of the Jew has had its day even in Paris, and that there is not enough of it in existence now to rally a mob. It never had sufficient strength at any time with the masses of the French people to seriously affect their political action. France owes too many of her financial, industrial, and literary glories and successes to the Jewish people to give an anti-Semite crusade any hold upon popular sympathy. Any attempt, therefore, to persecute Dreyfus further because of his Jewish faith will undoubtedly fail of its object, as it ought to do. In the event of the acquittal of Dreyfus the ends of justice will not be satisfied unless a resolute effort is made to punish the parties guilty of sending him into exile on forged evidence, and also to make all possible reparation to the victim of this cruel injustice.

As to the first, the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet is pledged to bring all the guilty ones to justice, no matter who they may be or where they may be found. If that pledge is carried out to the letter it will test the French government as it has not been tested in years, for persons implicated in the Dreyfus plot are prominent in political and army circles in France. Henry, the self-confessed forger, is dead; Esterhazy, the head villain, is in exile; and Colonel de Paty du Clam is in prison; but Boisdoffre, Mercier, and others hardly less guilty than these are still holding positions of honor, and for these judgment should be rendered also. As for full atonement for the crime, that can never be. Restoration to home, to loved ones, and to an honored name, and the payment of a cash indemnity Dreyfus may have, but none of these things can wholly wipe out the foul wrong which he has suffered and the stain of the crime on the lilies of France.

Too Many Immigrants!

RECENT statistics from an official source at Washington indicate that a rising tide of immigration is once more upon us. For ten years previous to 1898 the yearly influx of aliens to our shores was much less than the average of the previous decade, the lowest point being touched in 1897, when the total immigration was 230,832 against 490,109 in 1887. Now again, however, the figures are climbing up. In the month of June, last year, only 17,000 aliens came to this country, while the returns for June, this year, show over 30,000. In May the increase was 20,000 over last year. The total increase for the first half of the second year is estimated at 50,000.

All this might be taken as a sign of prosperity and a cause for congratulation were it not for the fact that the larger part of these new-comers are of the most undesirable character. They are not the industrious Germans, the frugal Scandinavians, nor the hardy and progressive English and Scotch settlers of a few decades ago. They are instead largely Italians, Poles, and Slavs of the most ignorant and degraded classes. At the port of New York alone in May 13,000 Italians arrived, and 50,000 Poles, while the Scandinavians numbered only 2,500. The professed destination of nearly all the Italians and Poles were the railroad and mining centres of the Eastern States. A large number of them were to remain in the vicinity of New York City. These facts and figures are not of a cheering character. They show that our restrictive immigration laws are not restrictive enough. The bars are neither high enough nor close enough together to

keep out of the country the class of immigrants who are a detriment to our citizenship in every way.

The kind of settlers we need are men who will engage in agricultural pursuits and occupy the deserted farm-lands of our Eastern States and the great areas of rich and fertile country yet unoccupied in the West. The South will also give a hearty welcome to industrious immigrants who will help to develop her agricultural resources and add to her substantial and wealth-producing classes. For such new-comers as these the latch-string is always out. There is room and a welcome for them in every part of the United States.

The Plain Truth.

AN unexpected, but not unnatural, political alliance has been made in Michigan, by a union of the forces of its eccentric but popular Governor Pingree with Secretary of War Alger, with the intent of aiding the latter to succeed the Hon. James McMillan in the Federal Senate. The Pingree-Alger alliance is most formidable. It has behind it wealth, astuteness, experience, and the conceded popularity of two of the brainiest men the State has produced, and the alliance stands on a platform distinctly opposed to trusts and combinations—a platform which, judging by Governor Pingree's success, is most popular in Michigan. The friends of Senator McMillan may make a successful fight against the new combination, or may eventually decide not to make a fight at all.

We are witnessing precisely what might have been expected as the result of President McKinley's recent order removing several thousand offices from the purview of the civil-service law. Advice from Washington report that an organized effort has been begun at the national capital to have the Republican party, at the next national convention, take a decisive stand against the civil-service law as it has been framed and administered. It is not surprising that this organization is largely made up of office-holders and place-seekers. Perhaps it is just as well that the fight should be made in the open, so that we can definitely know who are the friends and who the enemies of civil-service reform. There has been too much masquerading about this matter. When the issue comes, the masses of the people, who are neither office holders nor office-seekers, will stand on one side, and though they may not make as much noise as their opponents, they will outnumber the latter by a large majority. The *Troy (New York) Press* is right when it says that "a righteous cause is not to be mocked with impunity, and despite all the degradations of politics, moral forces are still potential factors at the ballot-box."

In 1831, in the Boys' Academy, at Albany, New York, a still prosperous institution, Professor Joseph Henry solved the mystery of the electric telegraph. He was the predecessor of Morse, and was the real father of the discovery. In 1866 another American, the late Cyrus Field, succeeded in obtaining cable communication from this continent to the Old World. Now there are 1,500 submarine telegraphs in the world, aggregating 170,000 miles in length, costing a quarter of a billion of dollars, and transmitting annually over 6,000,000 messages. All the grand divisions of the earth are now connected by wire, and beneath every ocean except the Pacific the electric current pursues its silent way. The telegraph lines of the world aggregate 835,000 miles, transmitting a million messages daily. What the electric spark discovered by Franklin and utilized by Joseph Henry has done for the development of international trade and commerce is beyond human calculation. But as a basis for computation, we might say that in 1866, when the first successful cable lines between the United States and Europe were put in operation, our commerce with the world amounted to \$783,000,000, while last year it had risen to the enormous aggregate of \$1,847,000,000.

To give a measure of justification for the bad treatment of the negroes in the South, we hear much of the vices and weaknesses of the negro character. It is well to have some facts and figures on the other side. Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta University, has been at work for a year collecting information to show the colored man's capacity for business. Reports have been received from about 2,000 negro business men, covering all the Southern and several Northern States. One thousand six hundred and twenty-four reports have been tabulated. These statistics represent a capital of \$5,416,329. In twenty cities tabulated, fifteen of them in the South, the capital represented \$2,281,620. These cities are in fourteen States. New York City stands first, with \$393,000; Richmond, Virginia, second, with \$303,000; Charleston, South Carolina, third, with \$212,000; Pine Bluff, Arkansas, fourth, with \$210,000. These figures throw a broad beam of light upon the negro problem. It is Booker T. Washington's contention that peace, happiness, and prosperity for his race lie in the direction of industrial education and the development of the business instincts, and these statistics show that his teachings are already bearing fruit. It is sound doctrine, and here is the proof of it.

Eastward and westward the American bicycle takes its way. The Treasury bureau of statistics at Washington reports that American wheels are now ridden in all parts of the world, from the jungles of Africa to the wilds of Central America. Four million dollars' worth of American bicycles were sold to European countries during the past fiscal year, and more than twice as many were shipped to France, despite her skilled workmen and ingenuity, as were exported to that country during the preceding year. Two-thirds of our bicycles are sent to countries which make a specialty of manufacturing. Even Japan, with its cheap labor, is constantly increasing its imports of American wheels. Our largest customer is Great Britain, which took nearly \$2,000,000 worth of American bicycles last year, Germany coming next, and Canada, France, British Australia, the Netherlands, Denmark, British Africa, British East Indies, Japan, China, Dutch East Indies, and Africa, following in the order of the amount of their purchases. Since Cuba has become free we have shipped to it eight times as many bicycles as formerly. Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands are good customers, though no direct exportation to the Philippines is thus far reported. America leads the world in the manufacture and sale of the best of everything.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—Miss LOUISE HEPNER, who was comparatively unknown to the theatrical public two years ago, has suddenly sprung into a



MISS HEPNER, A FAVORITE AROUND THE WORLD.

prominent place with the best of the "stars," and is now a stage favorite all around the world. She made her first genuine hit when she essayed the part left vacant by Anna Held in "La Poupée." She afterward played the principal part in "The Ballet Girl." Last season she made a phenomenal success as Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk." After closing her season she was immediately engaged by George W. Lederer to play the

title rôle in the Australian production of "The Belle of New York." Since her arrival in Australia, where she now is, she has won a high place in the exclusive society of Sydney and Melbourne. This is not surprising to those who have seen and heard Miss Hepner, for it was expected that her beauty and grace would capture the Australians in short order. Miss Hepner will return to this country about the first of September, and there is no doubt but that she will be seen in a principal part at one of the leading Broadway theatres.

—A gifted author, an eloquent speaker, and a singular and unique character, properly describes Mr. Elbert Hubbard, of



MR. ELBERT HUBBARD.

Aurora, New York, the editor of *The Philistine* magazine, and the author of "A Message to Garcia," which is now being distributed by the million copies by the energetic efforts of George H. Daniels, the general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad. Mr. Hubbard was a journalist in the West, and happened to settle in the little village of East Aurora, New York. With a friend, he decided to revive the work of the pamphleteer by publishing a little magazine which should speak the truth and not fear to tread on the toes of any one. Somehow this little publication, with scarcely anything behind it excepting the originality, genius, and high character of Mr. Hubbard, was at once recognized as worthy of a place in the literary world, and that place it has continued to hold. More than that, Mr. Hubbard decided that there was room not only for the pamphleteer, but for a printer of the old type and character; for, as he says, printing is the only noble art in existence which was born full-fledged. He insists that the printing of the monks in the earliest centuries of the art stands unrivaled for excellence and beauty, and he has established at East Aurora the Roycroft Press for the publication of none but beautiful books. From little or nothing, Mr. Hubbard's business has grown to large dimensions, and he is everywhere recognized not only as the writer of the famous "Message to Garcia," but as a conscientious patron of the most distinguished art of our times. Long may he survive.

—There has just been given in London a grand charity bazaar, gotten up entirely by the Duchess of Sutherland and that



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, AN ARISTOCRATIC AMERICAN.

brilliant American woman, Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was the daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, of New York. Stalls were attended by royalty and the nobility, and the American women made a brilliant showing. Mrs. James Brown Potter had a stall in which she sold theatrical photographs and souvenirs, and the Duchess of Marlborough assisted at the Duchess of Devonshire's stall. The fact that Mrs. Paget was the organizer of this bazaar shows how very high a position she holds in aristocratic London society, for the Duchess of Sutherland, her co-worker, is the sister of the Countess of Warwick and is one of the most exclusive women in London. Mrs. Paget is a very beautiful woman, and does not look old enough by many years to have a son about to enter Oxford in October. She is a great friend of the Princess of Wales and the

Princess Christian, the daughter of Queen Victoria. She is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Almeric Paget, of New York, who is the daughter of William C. Whitney, and who married the younger brother of Colonel Arthur Paget.

—On Decoration Day in Boston, under the very shadow of historic Bunker Hill, were gathered about the monument



THE COMMANDER OF BOSTON'S CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

erected to the memory of those who fell in defense of the Union, men who wore the blue and the gray. While this impressive scene was being enacted an equally suggestive ceremony was in progress at the Boston Theatre. Thousands were welcoming General Joseph Wheeler as the orator of the day of Edward W. Kinsley Post, Grand Army of the Republic. As General Wheeler stepped forward to begin his oration, addressing the audience as "My fellow-countrymen," the vast assemblage rose and cheered him to the echo. The man or woman who, one short year ago, would have predicted that such a series of patriotic demonstrations would have taken place in the home of abolitionists would have been put down as an idle dreamer. Boston has a camp of Confederate Veterans with fifteen members. Carlos G. Munroe is its commander. He is a Tennessean, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion enlisted at Richmond in the famous "Black Horse Cavalry." He served throughout the war. The idea of organizing the camp first suggested itself to Commander Munroe about a year ago, while at the funeral of one of his old associates, who was buried by such prominent Grand Army men as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, a son of the famous old Autocrat of the Breakfast table; the department commander of the Massachusetts department, Grand Army of the Republic, Colonel J. Payson Bradley, representing Governor Wolcott, and members of Kinsley Post, Grand Army of the Republic. At the invitation of one of the Grand Army of the Republic posts of Charlestown district, Boston, the Confederate camp joined them on Decoration Day in the memorial services for the dead. The blue and the gray marched side by side, sang the same hymn of praise, and knelt at the same altar in prayer for their departed comrades. There are about a half-dozen graves of Confederate soldiers in Boston and vicinity. This year, for the first time, they were publicly indicated by the official marker of the Confederate Veterans, the flag of a reunited country, and appropriate floral decorations. Some of the out-of-town graves, notably the one in the old cemetery at Concord, in sight of the spot where the first struggle for American independence was waged against the British regulars, was decorated by the local Grand Army of the Republic post at the request of the Confederate Veterans. It would seem as if the eloquent prayer of the immortal Webster in the Senate half a century ago, pleading for "One country, one constitution, one destiny," had at last been heard.

—Three of the oldest and best-known educational institutions of America, Amherst College and Yale and Brown universities,



DR. HARRIS, AMHERST'S NEW PRESIDENT.

will begin the new educational year with new presidents. Brown has chosen Rev. Dr. Faunce as her new chief executive; Yale, Professor Hadley, and now Amherst has elected Rev. Dr. George Harris to the same position in that institution. Dr. Harris has had a brilliant and successful career as a preacher, theological writer, and religious teacher, and comes to his new post thoroughly well-equipped for its duties. He has been president of the famous theological seminary at Andover since 1896, and was a professor of theology in the same institution for three years before that. Dr. Harris was born in East Machias, Maine, in 1844. He was graduated from Amherst in 1866, and therefore returns to his alma mater as its executive head. Before entering upon his duties at Andover Seminary he served as pastor of Congregational churches at Auburn, Maine, and Providence, Rhode Island. Amherst College is conducted under Congregational auspices, and the election of Dr. Harris is therefore in the regular denominational line. The new president is a progressive and independent thinker. He is numbered as one of the foremost adherents and leaders of the new theology, together with men like Drs. Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, and Theodore Munger, a fact which gives special significance to his selection as president of Amherst, which has always been regarded as one of the strongholds of New England orthodoxy. It was while Dr. Harris was one of the editors of the *Andover Review*, between 1884 and 1893, that that periodical fell into disfavor among conservative religious people because of its advocacy of the higher criticism. Dr. Harris has always been highly esteemed, however, as an earnest, able, and devoted religious teacher.

—Afley Leonel Brett, of South Braintree, Massachusetts, is

almost twelve years old, an ordinary boyish boy, no different



THE BOY WITH X-RAY EYES.

in appearance from any boy of his age, but he sees with the naked eye as if with the X-rays. His perceptive faculties have, from infancy, been more acute than usual with a child. He has always observed life, whether plant or animal, with keen interest. His X-ray power was discovered accidentally about two years ago. He had been deeply hypnotized, and, upon release, exclaimed: "Oh, papa! I see your bone." This proved to be true, and since then he has diagnosed a number of old fractures of which neither he nor his father had any previous knowledge, among which are a "colles fracture," a "potts fracture," and a "broken radius at the middle." He has confirmed the diagnosis of a broken hip at the surgical neck, and he said the fracture was nearer the head of the bone than had been thought by the physician. He examined a child who, it was supposed, had swallowed a cent, and declared there was no cent there. This was proved to be correct at the post-mortem, the child having died from other causes. The lad also uses this power by so concentrating the sight as to shut out ordinary daylight. The air, he says, is then filled with flashes of a pale greenish light which illuminates the objects to be examined. This light, he says, is the same as the X-ray in the Crooke tube. Daylight is then darkness or a reddish black. He is not unconscious of surroundings, and he remembers and discusses what he sees after the examinations. It wears him if the examination exceeds half an hour, or if the tests are more frequent than once a week.

—Mr. Lucius Tuttle, who was recently re-elected to the presidency of the Boston and Maine Railroad system, is one of the



LUCIUS TUTTLE, A POPULAR RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

most popular railroad men in the country. Mr. Tuttle's railroad record is creditable. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, about fifty years ago, he began selling tickets on the old Hartford, Providence and Fishkill road, and worked his way up to general ticket-agent of the road. When the New York and New England absorbed this road Mr. Tuttle was made assistant general manager. In 1885 he entered the employ of the Boston and Lowell road as its general passenger agent, but in two years he resigned to become the general passenger-traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific. When Samuel F. Pierson resigned as commissioner in the trunk line association, in May, 1889, Mr. Tuttle accepted the office. The affairs of the trunk lines were in a tangle, and the immigrant controversies were especially perplexing. The combined roads discussed the question of Mr. Pierson's successor with great care, and their offer of the office to Mr. Tuttle was regarded as a high compliment to his popularity and tact in dealing with conflicting interests. There was a general regret expressed when he left that position to accept a flattering offer from the New Haven road. Here he became the general superintendent, and then first vice-president at a salary of \$15,000 a year. He came to the presidency of the Boston and Maine road four years ago. His administration has been marked by a desire to serve the public as well as his corporation. In Mr. Tuttle there is a complete absence of the "public-be-d—d" sentiment attributed to so many railroad managers.

—A winsome woman of the South who is achieving prominence along artistic and literary lines is Mrs. Jeannette Robinson



MRS. JEANNETTE R. MURPHY, SWEET SINGER OF NEGRO MELODIES.

Murphy, who has won a marked success in the most exclusive society of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia by her unique rendering of negro-slave songs and the picturesque musical folk-lore of the South. On her mother's side Mrs. Murphy is descended from Pierre Robert, a Huguenot minister of Santee, South Carolina. Her father, who is a member of the distinguished Wallace family, was the founder of a large seminary for young ladies in Louisville. In later years he was State chemist of Florida. From childhood, although slavery was a thing of the past, the folklore and the strange, weird melody of the negro possessed for her a charm almost amounting to a passion. Whenever she could induce one of the old-time slaves to recount to her the mysteries that are so essentially a part of African belief and tradition; whenever she could be present at one of their "spiritance meetin's" in field, cabin, or "prayer's house," the young woman was content. Few, if any, of Mrs. Murphy's songs have ever been written, but were gathered by her as they fell from the lips of her colored "mammy," dusky playmates, or the plantation hands.



The College Base-ball

Season of 1899.

(CRITICALLY REVIEWED BY CHARLES EDWARD PATTERSON.)

No college team has reached the standard of some of our prominent nines of recent years—for examples, Harvard's 1893 or Princeton's 1896 and 1897 teams. We have all seen Princeton nines defeated that were much stronger than the team which won this year from Yale and Harvard. The season, too, has been quite as full of the usual uncertainties and reversals of form. The smaller college nines have won a larger proportion of games from the big universities than usual, a circumstance attributable in part to the comparative weakness of the leaders, and also to their increasing disregard for defeats from smaller nines. The latter are always and only considered as trial horses for the development of new or unsteady material.

At least three of the big nines—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton—will not mourn over games lost to Brown, Lehigh, and other similar nines, if only they can win their great series against each other. Hence too much stress should not be laid on Georgetown's victories over all the "Big Four," and the occasional triumphs of State, Lehigh, Tufts, and Williams over Princeton and Harvard. Personally, the writer does not altogether approve this policy, except now and then at the season's opening, but he simply recognizes it as common to the big university nines. With this preliminary observation, therefore, his estimate of the rank of the leading Eastern teams is submitted, always remembering that no team can be placed above another particular nine solely on the outcome of their games. The basis must ever be their work against all comers throughout college season:

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Princeton. | 7. Dartmouth. |
| 2. Pennsylvania. | 8. Brown. |
| 3. Harvard. | 9. Lafayette. |
| 4. Yale. | 10. Wesleyan. |
| 5. Williams. | 11. Lehigh. |
| 6. Cornell. | 12. Amherst. |

This leaves unplaced such teams as Tufts, State, Vermont, Bowdoin, and Trinity, for the reason that they have not met enough of the nines in the group above to enable one to judge their relative standing. It also omits Georgetown, Holy Cross, Manhattan, Fordham, and Villanova, because their scholastic and amateur standards are so manifestly different from those of the other college teams. Nines in the Southern or middle Western group are also omitted.

Princeton is placed first because she won her Yale and Harvard series decisively. She did not meet Pennsylvania, but the latter marred a good mid-season record by breaking even with Harvard and losing to Michigan. There is probably little difference between the nines, but what there is somehow seems to favor Princeton. Harvard gets third on account of her Yale victories, and her even break with Pennsylvania. Yale's record against the smaller colleges was really the best of the four, but the loss of her Harvard and Princeton contests naturally lowers her standing.

Williams, Cornell, and Dartmouth are so closely bunched as to make it well-nigh impossible to classify them properly. Williams and Cornell both have crack pitchers, but the former are better hitters and have a steadier infield. Cornell lost to Harvard and Brown, whereas Williams beat Harvard in one game. The Berkshire men also came out strongly in their two championship leagues, tying Dartmouth in that series and beating Wesleyan and Amherst. Dartmouth's best work was in winning her two Brown games, two from Williams, and one from Harvard. Cornell took a rather remarkable game from Princeton's best nine, and won one from the University of Michigan team out in Grand Rapids.

Brown was as streaky as a blue-ribbon zebra, playing all sorts of base-ball. Lafayette won games from Pennsylvania and Michigan, and downed her ancient enemy, Lehigh. Wesleyan had a hitting nine, on the whole, but sometimes bought a club ticket for the great balloon ascension, when it came to fielding. She had one fine streak, however, in which Holy Cross, Syracuse, Amherst, Manhattan, Dartmouth and Williams went under successively in two weeks. Lehigh's chief claims to glory were her Princeton and Manhattan victories.

The Eastern All Collegiate nine would be:

Catcher and captain, Kafer, Princeton; pitcher, Hillebrand, Princeton; first base, Goodrich, Harvard; second base, de Saulles, Yale; third base, Terrell, Wesleyan; short-stop, Anderson, Wesleyan; outfielders, Wear, Yale; Wallace, Yale; Miller, Cornell; substitute pitcher, T. Brown, Pennsylvania; substitute catcher, Drew, Dartmouth; substitute infielder, Haughton, Harvard; substitute outfielder, Suter, Princeton.

Kafer is the equal, if not the superior, of any catcher who ever wore a college uniform. His work is finished and accurate, and his generalship of the best kind. Neither Hillebrand, T. Brown of Pennsylvania, Young of Cornell, nor Plunkett of Williams, who are clearly the four best pitchers in the group, are equal to such men as Stagg, Lawrence Young, Bayne or Carter, of by-gone days, but each at his best has shown form which was simply unplayable. Hillebrand has never lacked nerve and only twice lost control through any reason, and so is selected as being most dependable. Brown's fearful left-handed speed ball and Young's phenomenal drop have, however, stamped their owners as men greatly to be desired. Hillebrand and Plunkett have been the heaviest and most consistent hitters among the pitchers, and Plunkett has fielded his position best.

Goodrich was the writer's selection for the "All-College" team when in Williams in 1896-1897. His beautiful work for Harvard, until he was hurt, has been more prominent and has quite justified his original selection. Although his batting has not been quite so heavy, de Saulles, with his wonderful agility and intimate knowledge of the game, could not be overlooked, despite several errors in the big games, and, with Anderson at short for a partner, the region of second base would be a country for place-hitters steadfastly to avoid. The Wesleyan captain is certainly a remarkable infield player, and deserves the place over Camp, of Yale, French, of Dartmouth, or Reardon, of Williams, for sharp fielding and consistency of work in the face of many handicaps. The three men named are, however,

all unusually good men, Reardon being a particularly strong hitter. Bedford, of Princeton, and Righter, of Amherst, have both made good records on second base, the Princeton man steadying his whole infield by his superior work.

Freshman Terrell has played like a national leaguer all the year. He is sure on ground balls, has a beautiful throw, and is good for at least a hit a game. In the month of May he made but two errors, although sometimes he had eight and nine chances in a game. McCarten, of Dartmouth, was the next best third-baseman; and Quinby, the Yale freshman, played splendid base-ball there in the big games. If all of Yale's nine had been like her outfield she would have had a walk-over. It was weakened a little when Quinby came in to third base, but Wear and Wallace are great ground-coverers and sure catches. They are also forty-horse-power hitters, and easily earn the places given them on the "All-College" nine.

We have no successors just now to the famous Princeton out-



DREW, DARTMOUTH.

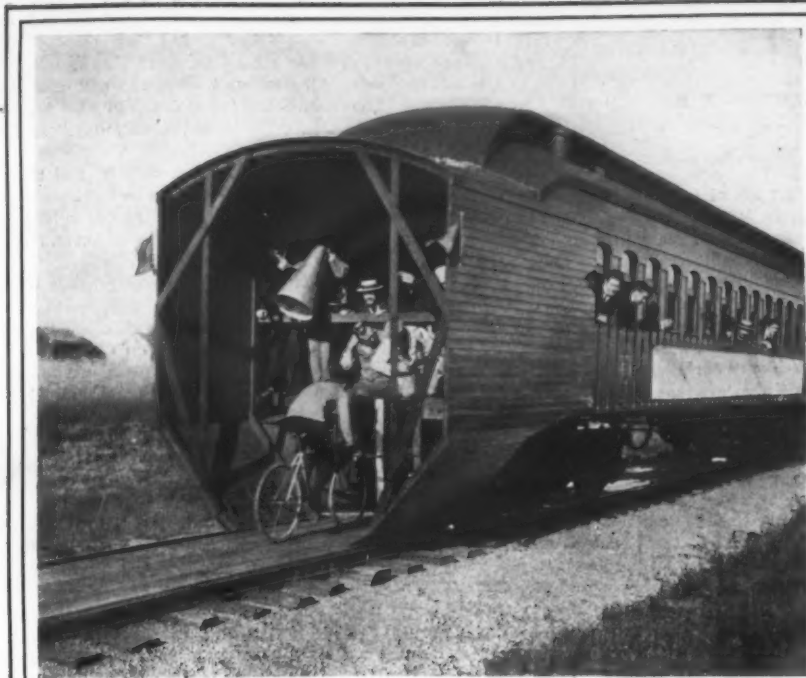
field of 1897, nor to Frank Hallowell, George Case, and Roy Thomas, so it is hard to select the third outfielder. Dartmouth had the next best trio to Yale in Wentworth, Pingree, and Folsom. Suter at times did splendid service for Old Nassau, Bray put up a strong game for Lafayette, Russell made a thorough success for Williams, Miller played a pretty game for Cornell, and so did the agile Dibblee for Harvard, but some of them would not even

have secured mention in 1894-1898.

The most even work has probably been done by Miller, of Cornell, whose statistical record contains more "assists," and who has also batted well from first to last. He therefore gets the place, with Suter as substitute. Haughton, Harvard's captain, has played both first and second bases, and is a heavy and correct batsman. Of several fine catchers Drew, of Dartmouth, is selected as substitute, because, in addition to being as good a back-stop as either Reid (Harvard), Flavell (Pennsylvania), or Le Stage (Brown), he is more brilliant and forcible in all other departments of play.

The ever-narrowing gulf between Eastern and Western college circles has brought into contact Chicago and Michigan against Pennsylvania, Lafayette, and Cornell, with results quite flattering to the Westerners. Michigan beat Pennsylvania, split even

(Continued on page 51.)



MURPHY SPEEDING, AT THE RATE OF 57-45 SECONDS A MILE.



"MILE-A-MINUTE MURPHY," THE FASTEST BICYCLE-RIDER ON RECORD.

Better than a Mile a Minute.

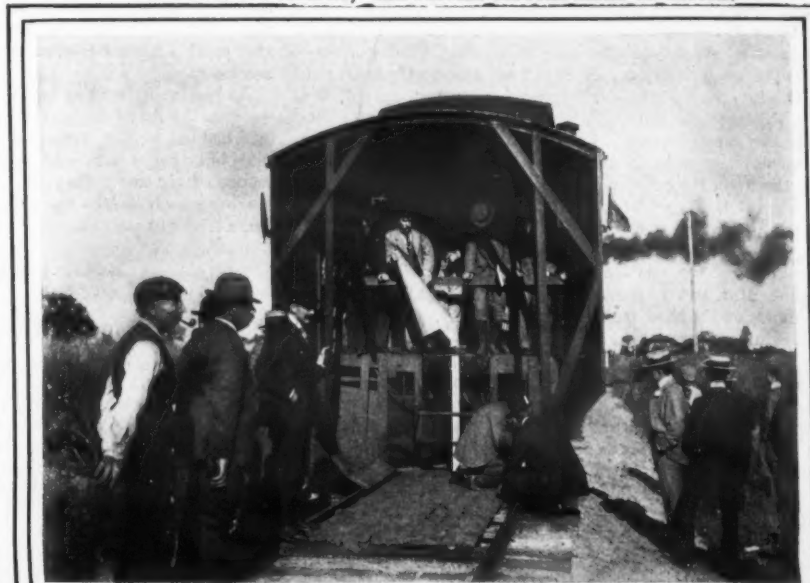
REMARKABLE FEAT OF A BICYCLIST UNDER FAVORING CONDITIONS.

It was on the last day of June that a number of wheelmen, sporting men, and interested spectators boarded a train at the Long Island Railroad and rode down to Maywood, New York, where a special track had been laid between the rails for a distance of two miles or more. The middle mile was the track on which Charles M. Murphy was to try to beat the record.

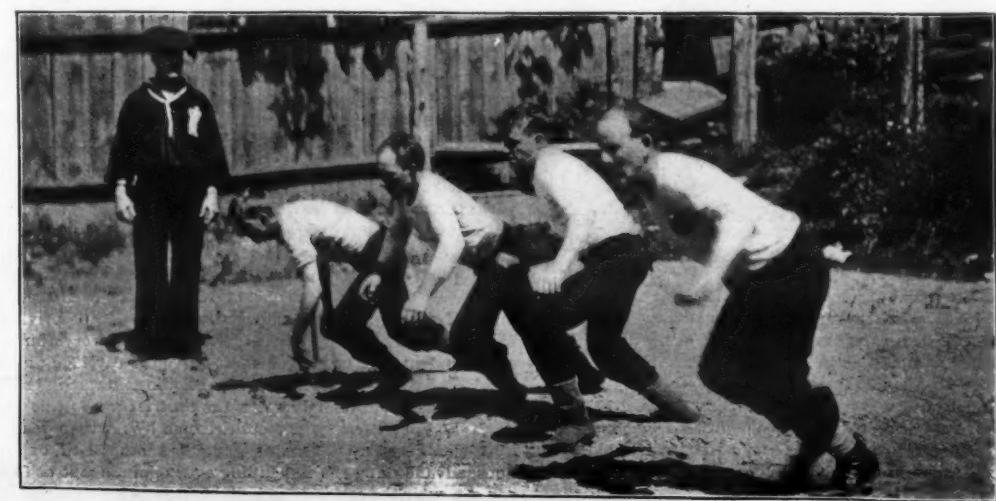
The car behind which he was to ride had a box-like structure on the rear, topped with a rounding roof, sides standing out five feet from the platform and running straight to within two feet of the ground, where the boards slanted inward and lapped over the inside of the rails. Within this hood, facing an upright strip of narrow plank, painted white for Murphy to keep his eyes on, the rider took his place at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The officials and timers conducting the exhibition were stationed on the platform of the car, one holding a megaphone, which had been found necessary, to keep in communication with Murphy, owing to the roar and rattle of the train. The order was given to start, and the locomotive began to move slowly along the rails. Quickening its speed with every turn of the driving-wheels, it soon attained a rate of something better than a mile a minute. Murphy pedaling away for dear life, his eyes glued on the white strip in front of him, waiting for the warning that he had crossed the line. They reached the starting-post, the timing-watches clicked, and they were off. The half-mile was reached in twenty nine and two-fifths seconds, and at that point Murphy dropped back out of the hood a trifle. A little more force on the pedals and the three-quarter pole was reached in safety and well within the time limit. A scant fifteen seconds and the last flag was passed, the watches clicked, and the race was over.

Instead of slowing down gradually, Murphy maintained his high speed and bumped into the car. Two of the officials of the road were quick to see the trouble, dropped to the edge of the platform, and as the wheel struck the fender of the car they seized him by the arms and pulled him aboard to safety. A third man took the wheel, and all danger was over. It was a wonderful record and a wonderful escape from serious injury. What is to be gained by the trial is doubtful.

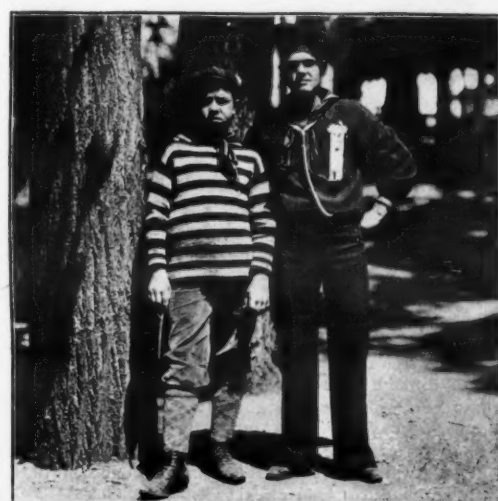
C. P. SAWYER.



THE PACING SHIELD AT THE REAR OF THE TRAIN ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, SHOWING THE WHITE LINE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAR WHICH MURPHY HAD TO FOLLOW.



SAILORS OF THE "BROOKLYN" STARTING IN THE SEVENTY-FIVE-YARD DASH.



THE SPANISH BOY BUGLER OF THE VANQUISHED BATTLESHIP "VIZCAYA," NOW LIVING IN BROOKLYN, THE PET OF THE "BROOKLYN'S" CREW.



SAILOR BENSON, OF THE "BROOKLYN," WINNING THE ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH.

A Schley Day Festival.

THE JACKIES OF THE "BROOKLYN" CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE AT SANTIAGO.

A new festal day not yet introduced in the American calendar was celebrated by the crew of the United States cruiser *Brooklyn* on July 3d. They called it "Schley Day," in honor of the gallant admiral who led the *Brooklyn* and her sister-ships to victory before Santiago a year ago. It mattered not that the new holiday came on deck only one day before the ever-glorious Fourth. There was enthusiasm enough among the jackies to fill two days and have some to spare.

The celebration took place at Glendale, Long Island, and was held under the auspices of the Schley Brooklyn Club, composed entirely of members of the ship's crew. About 250 men took part in the festivities. The trip was made from the navy yard, where the *Brooklyn* lies, to the Bridge plaza in a procession, and from thence to the Schützen

(Continued on page 51.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

FIGHTING THE FILIPINOS—FROM A SOLDIER ON THE FIRING-LINE—REMARKABLE RECORD OF THE WOUNDED MEN—WONDERFUL ESCAPES FROM DEATH—NOTABLE SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CAMP AND FIELD.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, May 10th, 1899.—Providence, good luck, or some other occult power has stood by the American soldier in this war. At this writing we have had 300 killed and 1,100 wounded since February 4th, the beginning of the war with the Filipinos. The casualty list of the enemy must exceed 12,000, and I should not hesitate much to call it 20,000. Of the 1,100 wounded boys in the hospitals, but three of them required amputation of a limb. This is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of war; 820 of them wounded in the limbs, and but three amputations—two of the thigh and one of the shoulder. These amputated cases all died, which is also remarkable, in the light of modern surgery. In this climate tissue change is so rapid that five hours after the vital spark has fled from a limb the case is fatal. Even the post-mortem changes are so rapid that embalming is a certain failure unless begun within sixty minutes after life has ceased and then the body immediately transferred to the boats in the harbor.

We have expert American embalmers here, who tell me they have tried every method of embalming and have failed. To the small-calibre bullet of the insurgents' Mauser the wounded boys owe their lives and a continuance of their usually friendly association with good arms and legs. In the bony structure of the body the Mauser bores a clean little hole, rarely fracturing a limb; in the skull it takes a centre shot to kill. I know of at least a dozen men shot through the brain with Mausers, who are still alive and in good health. I know of fully a hundred cases shot through the chest cavity in every portion except the heart that have recovered—in fact, they rarely die. I know of cases where the main artery supply of a limb was totally destroyed, yet the integrity of the parts remained good. I helped, last week, to ligate the femoral artery in the left thigh of a Nebraska boy, and although a brass bullet had gone through the leg sideways, severing the large blood-vessels and terribly lacerating the flesh, the collateral circulation established insures to him a good leg eventually. But through the soft abdominal tissues the Mauser is always fatal, excepting wounds of the liver. Those wounded in the intestines, stomach, and spleen always die. Every one operated on for resection of wounded intestines died, and the operation is now entirely abandoned.

Wounds of the head excite the most wonder. At the battle of Mariquina, March 25th, Private Avery Grimes of my company, fell close to my left. A Mauser entered behind the right ear, passed diagonally forward through the posterior wall of the throat, with its exit near the left corner of his mouth, taking along three teeth. He is practically well to-day. A Colorado man on our right that day had a Mauser bullet traverse the same identical course except that the points of entrance and exit were reversed. He returned to his company in two weeks in good health. Another man was struck behind the ear high up, the ball passing downward and forward and out the middle portion of the lower jaw. He lost a couple of teeth but is making a nice recovery. A Montana boy was struck an inch back of the outer angle of the left eye, the bullet passing through his skull and making its exit in the same locality on the other side. He has lost the sight of one eye, and I fear the other will soon follow, although he will recover his usual health. A Nebraska man was shot directly over the left eye, the ball passing down and out underneath the edge of the jaw, re-entering the shoulder and out near the elbow, again entering the wrist and out the back of his hand. He is out of commission for a couple of months but will have one good eye left to turn on the "googoes."

The number of escapes also border on the domain of the miraculous. Comrade McInnes of my company, who fell at Mariquina, in addition to his belt of cartridges, carried a small paste-board box of twenty cartridges in the bosom fold of his blue shirt. While withdrawing a cartridge from his belt a Remington brass bullet passed through the back of his hand, through the first of the two layers of cartridges in his bosom, and doubled up a cartridge in the second layer so firmly as to still retain the brass missile in the fold. As the cartridge-box was directly over his stomach his close call can be appreciated. Private Glazier of my regiment at the same fight was also struck by a Mauser in his cartridge-belt four inches internal to the point of the left hip. The bullet bored a clean little hole through the Springfield cartridge, passed through his groin, and struck another shell in his belt on the other side, passing through and exploding it. He was confined to bed ten days. Private Martenson of our regiment at the same fight was struck with a Remington brass bullet in the left foot. While waiting for medical aid a Mauser bullet hit the other foot in almost the same identical spot.

Colonel Hawkins of the Pennsylvanias, in the advance on Calocan, received a bullet in the handle of his revolver, passing through it, exploding a cartridge in his belt and glancing off. A Kanaka who joined the Californians at Honolulu, peeped over the trenches at San Pedro Macati, with his head inclined slightly backward. A Mauser caught him just over the left eye, plowed over his skull under the scalp for six inches and out again. He did not quit his post but he had only one "lamp" to peep with for two weeks. A Washington boy on March 2d had his scalp furrowed right where he parted his hair. The hospital corps bandaged his head and he returned to the trench. The bandage worked down over his eyes in the course of time and he sat up to adjust it; it was a fatal moment. A Mauser passed through his body from right to left, passing through his heart, and he fell over dead.

Company D, of the Minnesotas, Captain Metz commanding, has perhaps more reason than any other company in the regiment for being doubly thankful to its "lucky stars" for its existence to-day. The entire regiment was guarding the bridges and railroad for seven miles this side of Malolos; the latter city had fallen a week before, but hundreds of insurgents were in the foothills several miles off the road. Company D, at Bocane, camped between the wagon road and the railroad. Company C was guarding a bridge a half mile up the track. D had outposts beyond the track, and ten men patrolled the

wagon-road every half-hour during the night. The patrol had just returned and aroused Captain Metz, advising him of the desultory firing up the line. A moment later heavy firing began at Company C, and the boys rushed from their little dog-tents in obedience to Captain Metz's stentorian command, "Fall in, boys; fall in." The boys were scarcely lined up on the track when a fusillade from the wagon-road in their rear began. The insurgents had followed our patrol in, and were within thirty yards of the camp, and, in the pitchy darkness of the night, directed their fire into the tents, unaware that the boys were now on the railroad track. The position of the insurgents was revealed by the flash of their guns, and D's "long-toms" commenced to speak. The "niggers" now fell back, and the boys pursued them some distance beyond the camp and stood guard in skirmish formation until daylight. Eleven dead insurgents within a space of fifteen yards square was the little tribute they paid for their trick that night. But what of the boys? Lieutenant Clarke was creased in the scalp, and was the only man touched. Five minutes longer in their tents and not a soul of Company D would have escaped unharmed. Every tent was riddled and made unfit for use. Captain Metz's tent was well located by the insurgents, as forty-three holes in the canvas will bear witness, and even his bamboo bed was splintered. Every pot, pan, and tin cup in the cook-shack was perforated, a coffee-boiler alone remaining sufficiently intact to boil coffee, and it was struck above the middle. Our casualty list that night was one killed—a C man—and four wounded. Eighty-two dead Filipinos were along the railroad track the next morning.

At Mariquina we had twelve wounded—none fatally—while we counted fifty-four of the enemy dead on top of the entrenched hill we had carried in two hours' fighting. The insurgents have never put up a "stand-up" fight for the boys in the history of the war. They can't stand the avalanche of American brawn which falls upon them, and the cheers of the boys strike terror to their hearts.

W. M. BECK,
Assistant Surgeon Thirteenth Minnesotas.

Song of the Bobolinks.

PLASHING, plashing, dip the winged boats
On the sun-flecked waves of summer air—
Dripping, dripping, silver water notes
Down a crystal stair.
Swell your melody, oh, liquid throats!
Time with all its aging fret and care
Is dissolved, and in your music floats
Back to youth and bides eternal there.
Let me drift upon your charmed tide,
Aye, forgetting that the years are long—
All the hopes that cheating time denied
Thrilling in your song.
Buttercups and daisies blowing wide;
Fevered pulses beating high and strong.
Down the lane we wander side by side—
Sweetest sweetheart—ah, the years are long!
Sing, oh, bobolinks! I would not miss
The pure transport in your notes ensoiled:
Once again I linger, dazed with bliss,
In that lane of gold.
Paradise can hold no joy like this,
When by thrilling hand-touch grown more bold
On her lips my heart throbs in one kiss
Eloquent—and all my love is told.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

A Distinguished Guest.

It was a busy day at Mrs. Higgins's home in the small town of Camden. The minister was coming to dinner, and ministers (and teachers as well) have tasty appetites in rural towns.

Every room in the house must be immaculate, even the attic. The cellar stairs were carefully washed and every pin had its particular place and position in its own cushion. Not a cobweb or particle of dust was to be seen in the house.

Mrs. Higgins prepared her menu with the greatest care. "We will have one of those cocoanut-layer cakes that are such a success," she said to Mary, the maid, who, in this old-time neighborhood, was companion as well as chief cook and bottle-washer.

"An' those lovely apple-pies will strike him senseless, I'll be thinkin'." The minister's visit was a great event to her as well, and she had announced his coming to every rival maid in town.

"Chicken salad," counted Mrs. Higgins on her fingers, with a smile, "chipped beef, coffee, tea, and chocolate (one never knows which these dignitaries prefer) will be enough for a king." Mrs. Higgins went into the kitchen herself, so great was her desire to have everything perfect. Scarcely had she commenced work when Mary ran up from the cellar with such an expression of horror on her face. "Och, Mrs. Higgins, the chickens, the chickens!" she gasped. "That old dog of Palmer's has been at them."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins, in agony, "are you sure you covered them tight?"

"Sure, mem; but that old dog of Palmer's would go through a barn door, if it was open—or maybe it was mice."

"Dogs or mice, Mary, you must fly to the market and get some more. I cannot give up my chicken salad."

Mary returned, very happy, with a chicken. "Give it a good scrubbing and put it on to boil at once," said Mrs. Higgins.

"Those charcoal crackers are hygienic—we will have some for dinner," observed Mrs. Higgins.

The cake came out beautifully, icing and all.

The apple-pie was browning in the oven, a luscious odor permeating the kitchen when the door was opened. "We shall

have a good dinner in spite of Palmer's dog," said Mary, who believed in signs.

Mary went to pick the parsley for garnishing and Mrs. Higgins left the kitchen for a moment, when a fearful odor greeted her nostrils. The chicken had boiled dry, and blue smoke was rising from the kettle. "It is an unlucky day," said Mrs. Higgins.

Mr. Higgins had gone to meet the minister, and time was precious. The cake was cut and arranged on a cake-basket. It looked very pretty on the table. Mary picked a large bouquet of dandelions and violets; with the cake-basket and bouquet the dinner-table began to look very inviting.

Mrs. Higgins in the parlor, smiling, shaking hands with the minister, and asking after his family and crops, heard a cry of distress. Excusing herself as soon as possible she hurried to the scene of action.

"The mischief is in it," said Mary; "I was just taking the pie out of the oven, and it slipped from my hands and fell to the floor in one hundred pieces."

Mrs. Higgins laughed although she was vexed. "Don't cry, Mary; get the dinner on the table as soon as possible."

"Och, dear me!" said Mary again. "Here are the potatoes soaking in the water; I have forgotten to cook them."

At the dinner-table the minister said, "No, thanks," to pickles, cake, and cold boiled meat. He dined off charcoal crackers, biscuit, and tea. Mrs. Higgins said "he had indigestion," but Mary laid the blame on Palmer's dog. ELLEN J. SULLIVAN.

From Far-off Manila.

WHY CIVILIANS KEEP IN-DOORS AFTER SUNDOWN—A PHILIPPINE METROPOLIS—MALABON, A MANUFACTURING CENTRE—THE INVALUABLE CHINAMAN AS A BURDEN-BEARER—A QUIET DEWEY DAY.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MANILA, May 1st, 1899.—Hardly has the sun gone down these nights, when Manila becomes a truly deserted city. Had the entire population fled, or been exterminated by plague, the intense silence and absence of human beings could not be more complete. Through the night no one strolls about in Manila. For one thing, it is too risky. All this comes of the despotic military policy which has been adopted here—the only policy that is sure to preserve order and prevent incendiary native uprisings. After seven P. M. no native, Chinaman, or other Oriental may be about in the streets of Manila. If he is found there he is arrested. Moreover, the next day he is punished in the provost court for disobeying the order. Not only must the brown-skinned one be in his house, but his house and his store must be closed. Americans and Europeans are allowed to be in the streets, but they are sure to be challenged by sentries every little way, and must give the fullest accounts of themselves, their goings, comings and doings, and the least hesitation, or prevarication of answer is almost certain to result in a trip to the nearest guard-house. Hence, both on account of the annoyance, and because all the shops and cafés are closed tight, white men are seldom found abroad after seven in the evening, unless on the most important business, which cannot wait until the morrow.

And the sentries? They are everywhere, pacing up and down where the electric lights give them an unobstructed view up and down the street. No matter who passes, he is challenged when still thirty or forty yards from the sentry. The civilian who has been here long enough to know what sentries are for, stops short in his tracks the instant he hears the command, "Halt!" "Who goes there?" is the next query. "A friend," is the reply. "Advance, friend, and be recognized." Then the halted one goes slowly forward, careful to avoid any suspicious movement, especially if provided with a revolver at the belt. Suspiciously the sentry watches the oncoming one, holding his rifle at "port arms," ready to shoot in a second if need be. "Friend" is recognized; he is questioned if the sentry chooses, and then the advice is given: "Proceed, friend." That is all there is to it when the man-out-late looks above suspicion. But the chances are that he has the same thing to go through again a hundred yards further on, and another hundred yards away, and so on.

Carriages are but little seen at night. The native driver of a public vehicle is not allowed out any more than a native pedestrian would be. Hence, there is no carriage to be had, unless you are the owner or lessee of a private rig, and even then you must be either official, or sufficiently near so, to be privileged to pass your driver by the sentry. Moreover, every time you are halted in a carriage, you must leave the carriage and advance on foot for inspection and questioning. Over in the San Nicolas district, around the port, the sentries are so thick that proceeding in a carriage is more tiresome by far than walking. Every little interval covered necessitates another halt, explanations, advance, and the same thing over again, about as fast as you can enter the carriage and alight. There is no pleasure in a night ride through the crowded parts of Manila.

But the end justifies the means. There are no native uprisings, and no possibility of one. No city in the world is as safe by night as Manila. Deserted and nearly as still as the grave it remains, under martial law, until broad daylight comes around again, when windows open, shutters come down, the populace swarms out, and the busy life of a great city begins like magic with the firing of the sunrise gun.

The little town of Malabon is rapidly coming into shape as an orderly American community. It is little only in the American sense; out here Malabon is looked upon as a metropolis. Its population, before the war, was probably more than 30,000, though out here in the Orient it is never possible to get a census that really tells anything. Malabon contains an English sugar refinery, which the insurgents respected, and now, as soon as sugar can be obtained in quantities, the refinery will start up with a full force of several hundred native men and women. There are also several large cigar factories here, which are working up all the tobacco that can be obtained. These, however, do not at present keep twenty per cent. of the usual number of hands employed.

Outside of these foreign buildings there is not much left of the town, as the insurgents, before retiring before the American advance, set fire to all the native part of the town. Natives are coming back, not by pairs and threes, but by twenties and

thirties, and the few houses that escaped the conflagration are crowded. Those who are houseless do not long remain so. First rude shacks go up, and, a few days later, tidy *nipa* huts will be up. The cost of such a *nipa* hut as most poor families live in does not exceed twenty dollars Mexican, while a few dollars more will buy all the articles of furniture and the utensils that are generally found in a *nipa*.

Of course the stone buildings belonging to the wealthier natives and the *mestizos* escaped the flames. These are practically bare of furniture, and, as these houses are known to have been handsomely furnished a few months ago, it is a mystery where the furniture has gone to. Some of the best was sent up the railway when the insurgents controlled the road at this point. Malabon has the seven-o'clock curfew law that prevails at Manila. Provost duty is done by Captain Williams's and Lieutenant Reeves's companies of the Third United States Infantry, and a strict, though kindly, control of the brown population is kept. Captain Williams is provost marshal; Lieutenant Reeves is provost judge, and Lieutenant Edwards controls the secret service work of the place. The duties of all three keep them constantly on the alert, while the interpreter for Spanish and Tagalo is on the verge of nervous prostration from overwork; but out of ruin and chaos, order is quickly coming.

It would be hard to say in what respect our hospital service operating out here on the Island of Luzon, could be improved. To one who saw, as I did, how our hospital service in Cuba, through a variety of causes and omissions, fell down, it is particularly gratifying to note how smoothly everything medical and surgical runs in our army service here. Doctors and hospital men keep with the firing-line, shielding themselves all they can, of course, as is their duty, but nevertheless keeping in direct touch with the places where soldiers are getting hurt. After them trail the Chinese litter-bearers. And right here is a curious feature of the campaign. The Chinaman, who has a world-wide reputation for arrant cowardice, takes to the work like a duck to water.

"I am a great advocate of Chinese labor for the hospital department in the field. Some have criticised me for saying the Chinese are invaluable to us in the field, but I know what I know," was the remark made to me by Major Hoyt, chief medical officer of General MacArthur's division. "It was back in the days when our forces held the country only as far out as Calocan that I determined to make use of the sleepy-looking yellow men. I organized a small litter corps of four Chinese, and was laughed at for my verdancy. One night when there was quite brisk fighting around Calocan, I started for the firing-line with my four Chinese. By the time I struck the line my four had dwindled to one. The laugh was on me—seemingly. But that one Chinaman was a hero, doing everything I told him, with the utmost promptness and coolness. When we got back to Calocan, the boys made a bogus medal, decorated him with it, called him captain, and saluted him. I'm half-inclined to believe that he really thought he was a captain. We pay our Chinamen very well for this dangerous work, and when he learned what his pay was he must have thought, from that evidence, and judged by the Chinese scale of wages, that he was a sure-enough captain. After that we had no difficulty in getting plenty of Chinese for the work of litter-bearers. These coolies are a race of burden-bearers, and stand the wear and tear much better than our own men could do. It is rarely now that we have trouble with one on account of cowardice. Of course we shelter them all we can under fire, for they are just as necessary to us as horses or mules would be; but when necessary they will go right up under the hottest fire, pick up a wounded man, lay him gently on the litter, and start back with him, trotting, yet careful to give no unnecessary jar to the litter. They are the best men for this particular work I have ever seen."

Other army surgeons tell the same tale. Not a medical officer in the field but has a squad of these bearers. In camp they do the cooking and other servants' work. On march, going into position, they carry great weights in the way of hospital stores on the same litters. Dr. Matthews, of the Third United States Artillery, who is shown in the illustration with his corps men and litter-bearers, is another enthusiastic believer in the efficiency of Chinamen in this new field of work.

Volumes were tersely expressed in the modest telegram which Admiral Dewey sent to-day to New York, in answer to a message of congratulation: "On an occasion like this, silence is golden." That was the text on which to-day's celebration of Dewey Day through the fleet was based. In other words, there was no celebration—not even an extra bit of bunting. The admiral himself was not in evidence, the only caller who succeeded in seeing him being the captain of her Majesty's ship *Powerful*, who steamed over at noon to present his congratulations. The rest of the day the admiral spent ashore, though he was not visible to the admiring throng.

"Celebration?" asked Ensign Morgan, with a quizzical smile. "It's the same old celebration that the men have every day after dinner. Come forward and you can see it for yourself." Forward, squatting on the deck under the muzzles of the big guns that did so much to win this empire for us, were the sailors, divided into little groups, and each group engaged in sociable games of cards. Further back on the same deck was a bunch of enlisted Chinamen, playing their own game with their own kind of cards. On the berth-deck a few of the men were napping through the siesta hours of the day. And that was all the celebration there was on Dewey's flag-ship, or on any other ship in the fleet.

Two transports lying in the bay ran up bunting later in the day. Up the Pasig River a solitary American merchantman was decked with a string of streamers. As one of the officers of the *Olympia* phrased it: "There are a good many Spaniards still left in Manila, men belonging to the Spanish army and navy, and it wouldn't be American to crow over a fallen enemy." H. I. H.

Uncle Sam's Apprentices.

A SCHOOL-SHIP FOR SEAMEN—THE NEW PRACTICE CRUISER "CHESAPEAKE"—THE LIFE OF A NAVAL APPRENTICE—INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES RELATED.

THE recent launching of the new school-ship *Chesapeake*, at Bath, Maine, will give a special and timely interest to the article following, in which the Rev. Charles L. Leonard, now pastor of a Methodist church at Cambridge, New York, relates his experiences as a naval apprentice on board the *Minnesota*, another ship of the same class. The *Chesapeake* is to be a training-vessel for the Naval Academy. It was designed by Rear-Admiral Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy.

The vessel has a length at the water-line of 175 feet, a breadth of thirty-seven feet, a draught of sixteen feet six inches, and a displacement of 1,175 tons. The superintendent of the Naval Academy states that with this new practice cruiser the academy has the greatest acquisition for training in its history.

Of his life on board the old practice cruiser *Minnesota*, Mr. Leonard thus writes: "Never did ship seem trimmer or blue uniforms more attractive than on that bright, sunny day when, with some dozen other boys, I stepped on board the old *Minnesota* to offer myself as a naval apprentice. A messenger conducted us to the executive officer, who questioned us as to our age, knowledge of common English studies, and consent of our parents to our enlistment. We were then sent to the surgeon, who tested our vision as to color and distinctness, the capacity and soundness of our lungs, and inquired our age. We were then shown to the paymaster's office, where we signed articles which bound us to the service of the United States until twenty-one years of age.

"Our rating was third-class boy, pay \$9.50 per month, and \$9.50 more a month in government rations. We were soon rigged out in suits of blue, fitting us, to use an old salt's expression, 'like a purser's shirt on a roller-handspike.' Besides the uniforms we proudly put on, we were each furnished an extra blue suit, a blue pea-jacket, two white duck working-suits, two caps, blue flannel underclothing, and jack-knife, all 'stowed' in a canvas bag some three feet long and fourteen inches in diameter. For bedding we received a canvas hammock containing a hair mattress and pair of white flannel blankets; and for crockery, a tin pan and quart cup, and a pewter spoon. Each boy was assigned a number, by which he would thereafter be known to the paymaster and on the ship's books,

and another which designated his stations in working the ship. My ship's number assigned me to the foretop, and I soon learned that a crew is divided into five parts, or working-gangs, and that each division has its own part of the ship to attend to, under the supervision of a petty officer.

"The day on a training-ship begins at five o'clock in the morning with the roll of the drum, the 'musical notes' of the bugle, and the shrill whistles of the boatswain's mates, followed by their hoarse voices crying, 'All hands, up all hammocks!' Hammocks are quickly lashed or rolled up, and stowed snugly away in the nettings. A drink of hot coffee, and the order is passed 'Turn to,' which means, go to work. The decks are scrubbed, the paint and brass-work cleaned. The boys go about barefooted, and with trousers rolled up above their knees. By eight o'clock everything has been washed and wiped off, and all is thoroughly clean. At just eight bells (eight o'clock) the flag is hoisted, while the band plays 'The Star-spangled Banner,' and the boys breakfast on 'scouse' (a combination of broken, water-soaked hard-tack and pork-fat), coffee without milk, and hard-tack and butter.

"About half-past eight work begins again. The boys busy themselves preparing the guns, the decks, and their own persons for inspection, which occurs at nine-thirty. At the roll of the drum, every boy, man, and officer in the ship takes his position at one of the guns, or in the tops, the magazines, engine-rooms, or about the deck, and the men and ship are inspected by the captain. After inspection the forenoon is spent in various drills. The decks are cleared, the great guns cast loose and loaded, and all the manœuvres of clearing ship for action practiced. Or the boys are instructed in torpedo-firing, or hurried on shore in the boats for battalion drill, or arranged in small groups about decks for instruction in 'boxing the compass' and other practical seamanship. These drills take up the remainder of the morning and a good share of the afternoon.

"At noon dinner is served. The boys sit about portable tables and feast on 'salt horse' (corned beef), 'salt junk' (pork), 'plum duff' (a sort of boiled pudding), beans, and hard-tack; or, if in port, fresh meat, vegetables, and 'soft bread' are enjoyed about three times a week. The fare is clean and wholesome, and there is plenty of it. After supper, served at six o'clock, the boys gather in groups upon the spar-deck in warm weather, or below decks in cold, and sing songs or listen to exciting stories told by old salts, some of whom can describe from memory naval engagements of the Civil War. The hours from six to eight, the second dog-watch, are the most delightful on ship-board. How we sang those old man-of-war songs, vividly portraying the great naval battles of our history! The exploits of Paul Jones, the fight between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*, the sinking of the *Cumberland*, and many other naval traditions were made familiar to us in those songs. How my boy-heart throbbed and sent the hot blood to my very finger-tips as I joined lustily in those old sea-songs!

"About seven we were given our hammocks, and might 'turn in' if we chose; by nine all must be in their hammocks. Thus are the days passed in anything but idleness, and thus are the apprentices fitted to take the places of men on the regular cruisers. After a few months on the training-ship we were examined and passed to higher rating and our pay increased. An apprentice, on a regular cruiser, may be advanced to the rate of seaman, pay \$23.50 a month, or even petty officer, pay \$36.50. About fourteen months spent in cruising between ports on our Atlantic coast or lying at anchor gave us opportunity to become quite proficient in the drills, and fitted us to be of service on the regular cruisers. From time to time boys were drafted, in lots of about twenty-five, to the regular war-vessels; most of them to proceed to foreign stations for a three years' cruise, returning about the conclusion of their term of enlistment to be paid off and discharged.

"It was my fortune to be sent on board the United States ship *Vandalia*, which was soon ordered to patrol the coast of Cuba and inquire into the alleged firing into an American schooner by a Spanish man-of-war. No better man could have been assigned the task than our captain, 'Fighting Dick' Meade. The men said that he had rather fight than eat, and certainly his war record does not belie the statement. While steaming lazily off the Cuban coast we were put through the severest drill. Instead of the drum, a steamer's dinner-gong called us to general quarters, so that at night we might be mistaken for a merchant-steamer. The guns were loaded with shell and everything ready for action.

"About two o'clock one bright afternoon we saw in the distance the smoke from a vessel. All steam was made and we started in pursuit. To our signals to 'heave to' the stranger paid no heed, and seemed intent on running into the shoal water along the coast, whither we could not follow. Darkness came on, and as the strange vessel showed no lights, we could only approach as near the coast as possible and await daylight.

"About nine o'clock next morning a small Spanish ironclad steamed out from an indentation of the coast a short distance ahead of us and, in response to our signals, 'hove to' and awaited a boat which we were preparing to send. In the meantime all hands had been summoned to quarters, and we stood grimly at the guns, not knowing what would happen next. When the boat was ready at the gangway Mr. Rooper, an ensign, stepped down the sea-ladder to take command. Captain Meade's charge was characteristic. 'Remember, sir,' said he, 'the dignity of the United States is in your keeping. Ask if they know of any one firing into a vessel flying the American flag. Ask if that is the ship we chased last night, and if so, why they did not heave to at our signal. If they do not treat you with the utmost respect return on board at once and we will settle matters with them.'

"Some of the *Vandalia's* crew are ready to affirm to this day that had not those Spaniards sent that boat back loaded with tropical fruits, denials, and declarations of friendship, Captain Meade would have poured a broadside from his wooden vessel into that Spanish ram. A couple of weeks later we were relieved of our arduous patrol duty and sent to Newfoundland to protect American fishing interests.

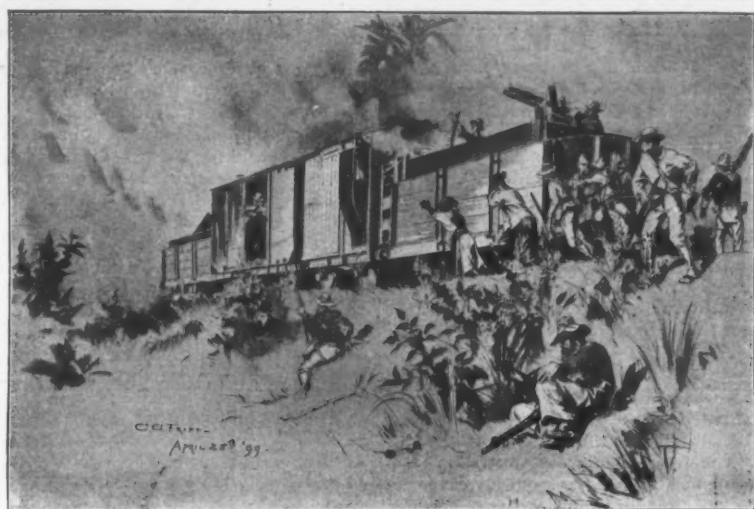
"After three years of such service, through 'a fr' court, I was 'discharged by request,' and after years in the merchant service, took up a glorious life on shore."



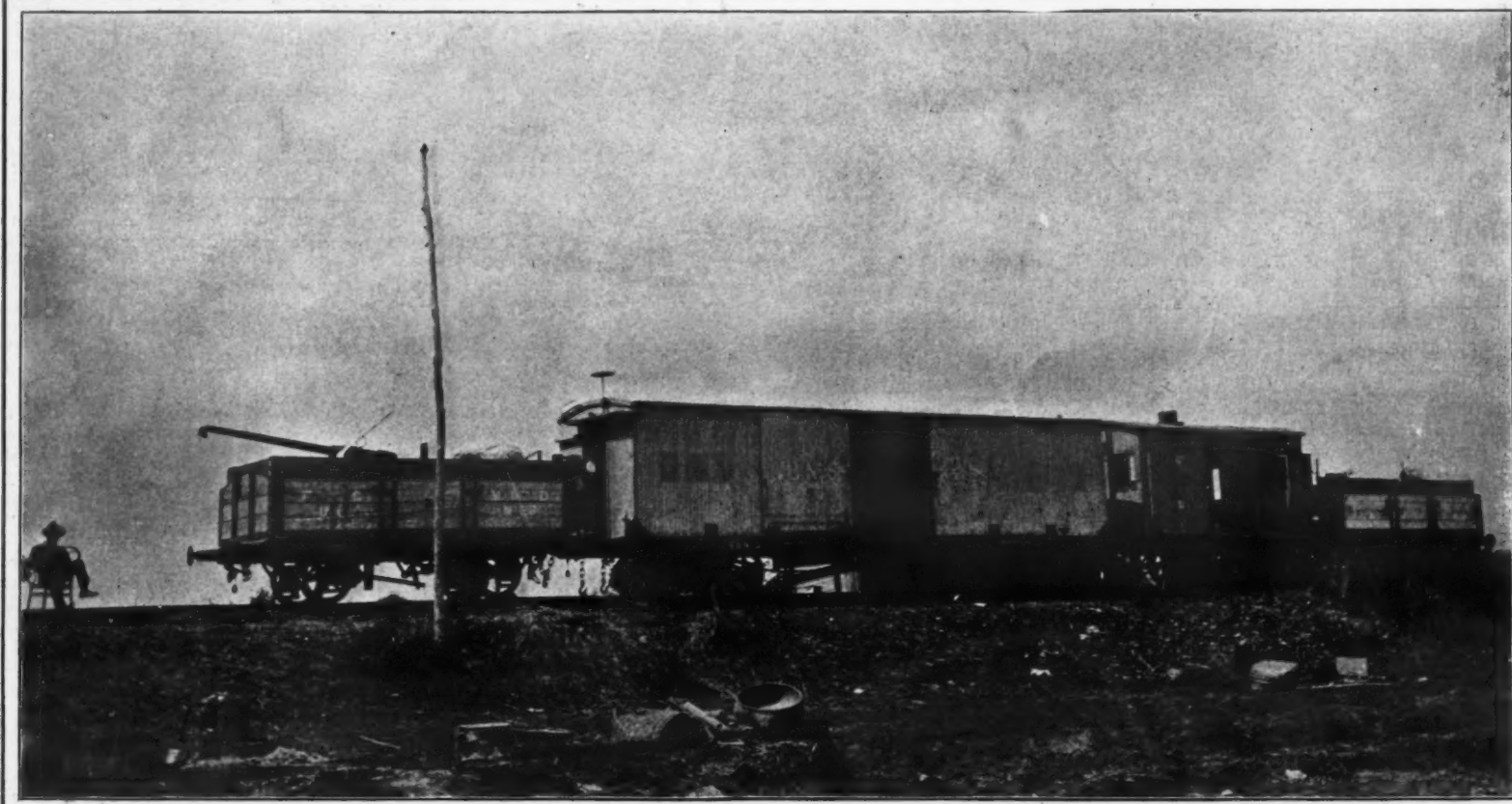
THE COMING MEN BEHIND THE GUNS—HOWITZER GUN-DRILL.—Photograph by Frank H. Child, Newport.



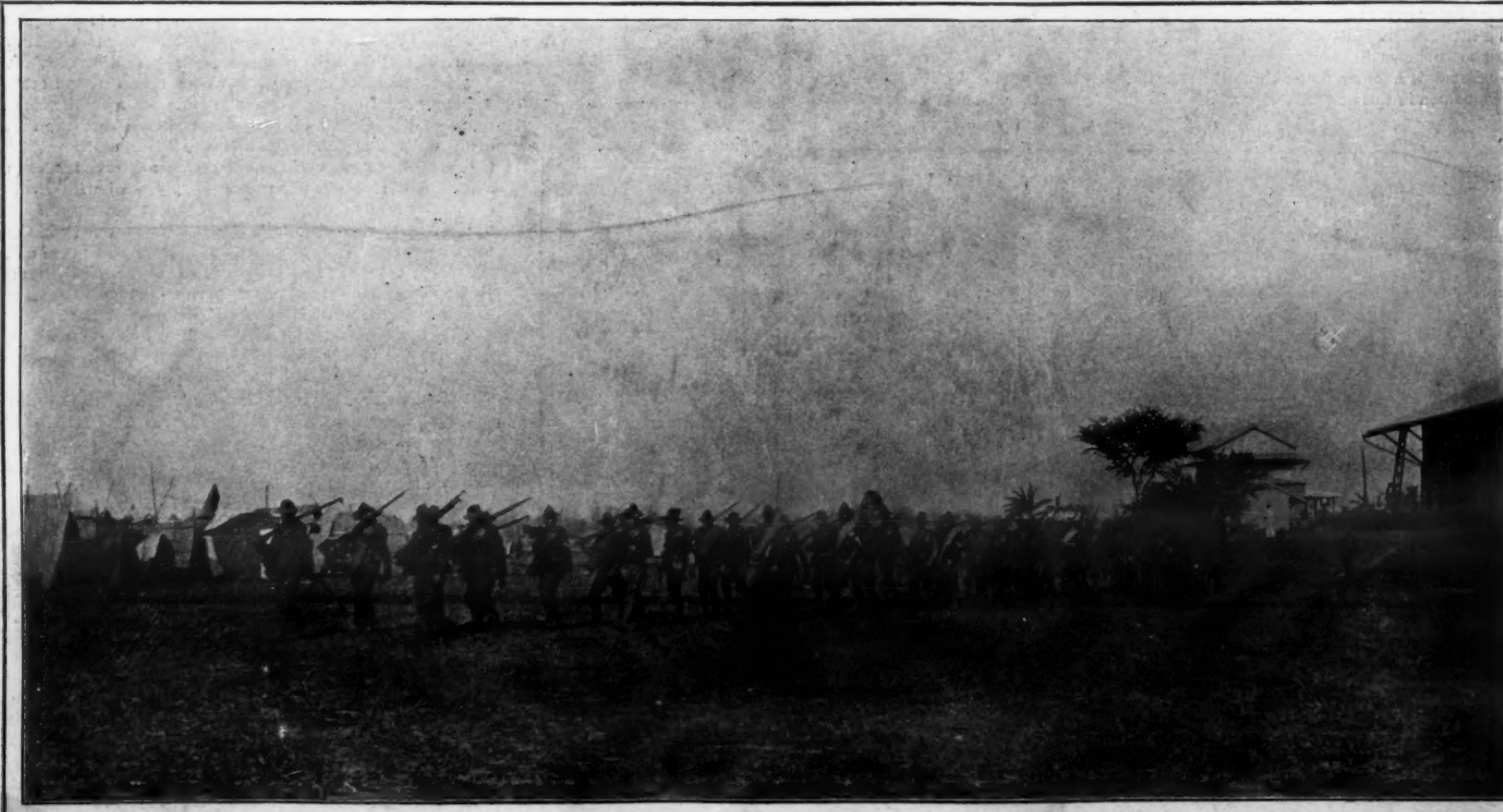
INTRENCHED CAMP OF COMPANY H, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM GUIGUINTO.



AMERICAN TROOPS AND CHINESE COOLIES PUSHING AN ARMORED TRAIN INTO ACTION, ON THE BAGBAG RIVER, NEAR CALUMPIT.



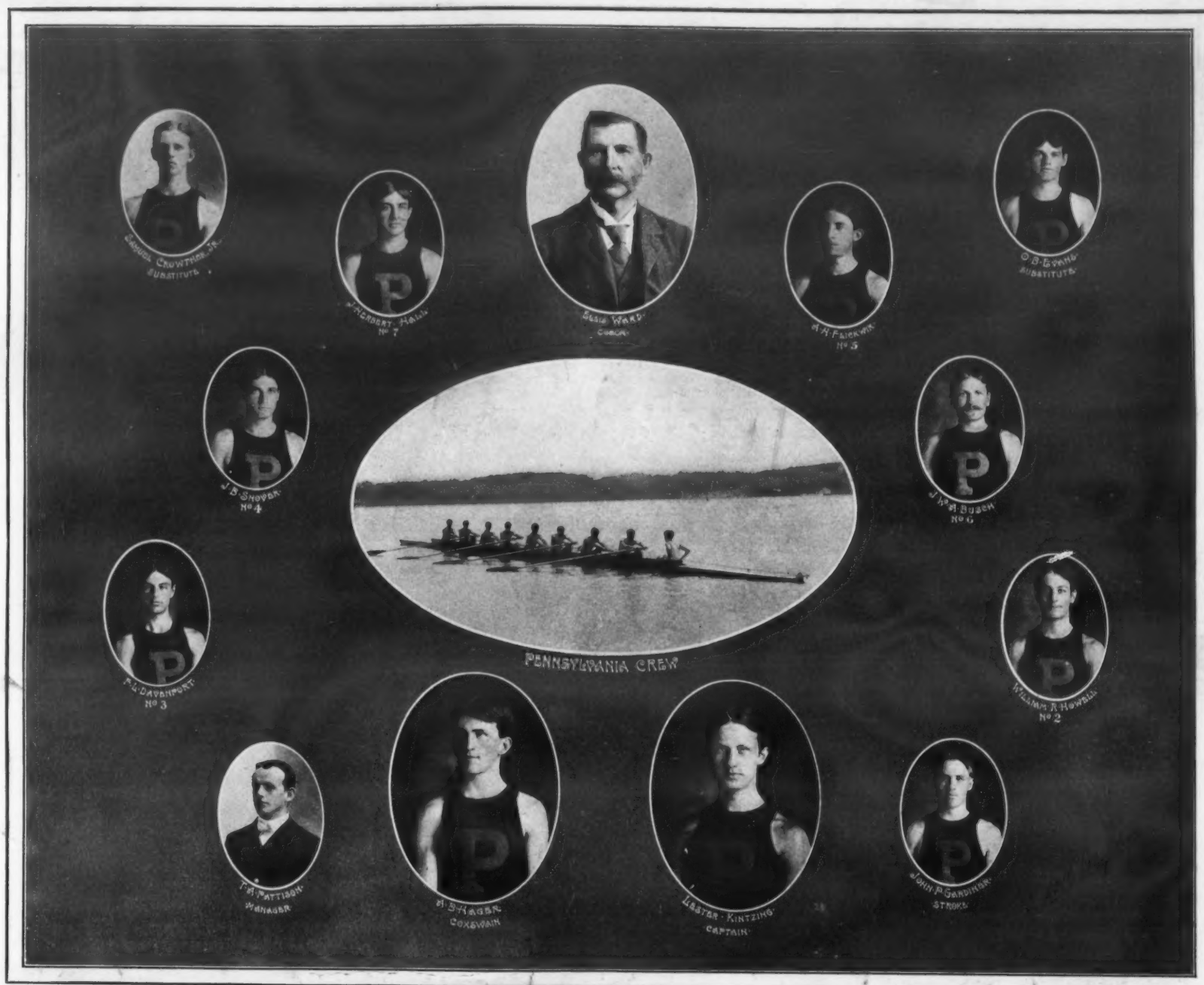
THE ARMORED TRAIN WHICH SAVED THE DAY FOR THE AMERICANS IN THE BATTLE OF APRIL 11TH —THE CABS ARE COVERED WITH SHEET-IRON, AND CARRY ONE RAPID-FIRE AND A ONE-POUNDER EACH, EXCEPT THE MIDDLE CABS, IN WHICH THE MEN ARE QUARTERED.



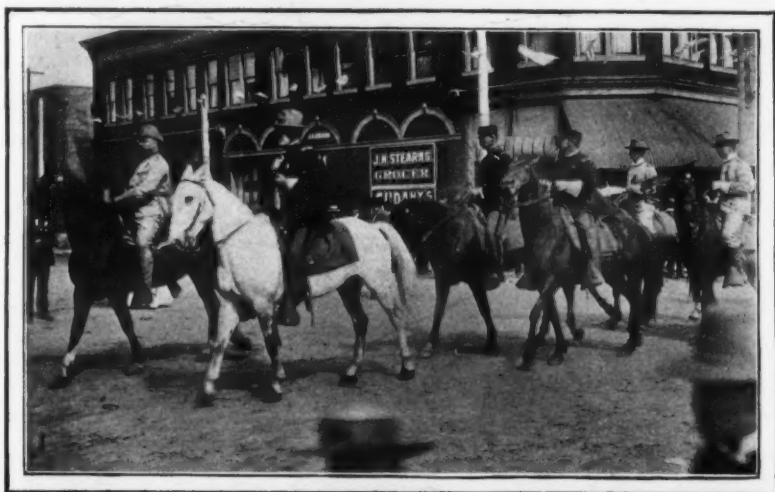
COMPANY A, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, RETURNING FROM AN ALL-NIGHT OUTPOST GUARD NEAR GUIGUINTO.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE JUNGLE.

LE SAM'S BRAVE VOLUNTEERS AND WELL-DISCIPLINED REGULARS ARE PUSHING THINGS IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE WINNERS OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE—THE ATHLETES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA AND THEIR TRAINER.



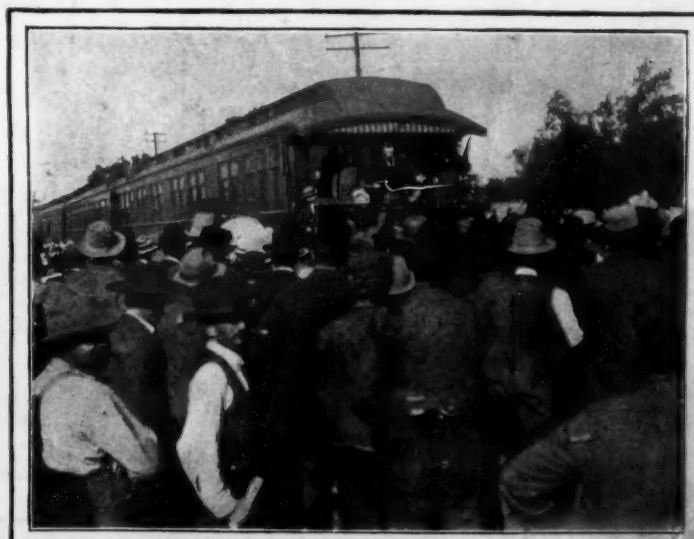
THE ROUGH RIDERS' PROCESSION HEADED BY GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, IN HIS ROUGH RIDERS' UNIFORM, SURROUNDED BY AN INTERESTING GROUP, AT LAS VEGAS.



ROUGH RIDER "BILLY" WOODS, AFTER WINNING THE SECOND PRIZE IN THE "ROPING CONTEST," HE THREW A WILD STEER IN ONE MINUTE AND EIGHT SECONDS.

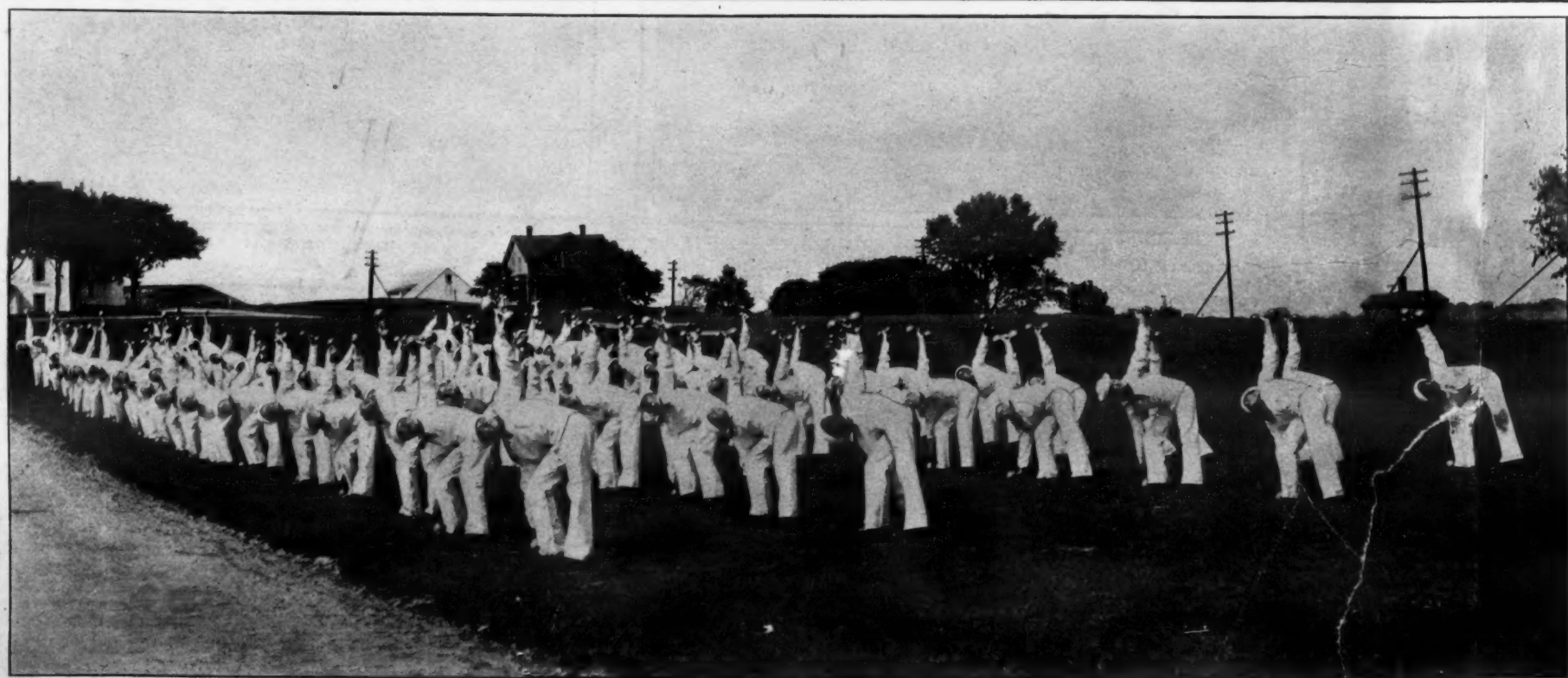


GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OF TRINIDAD, COLORADO, EN ROUTE TO LAS VEGAS.

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDERS' FIRST ANNUAL REUNION.



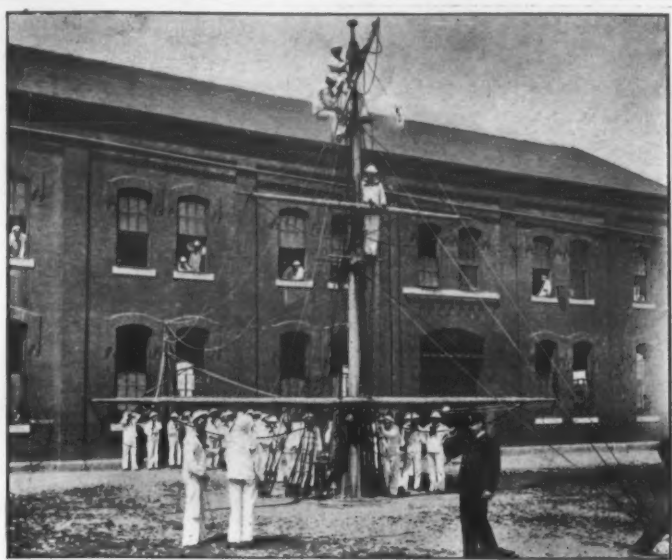
NAVAL APPRENTICES WASHING THEIR HAMMOCKS.



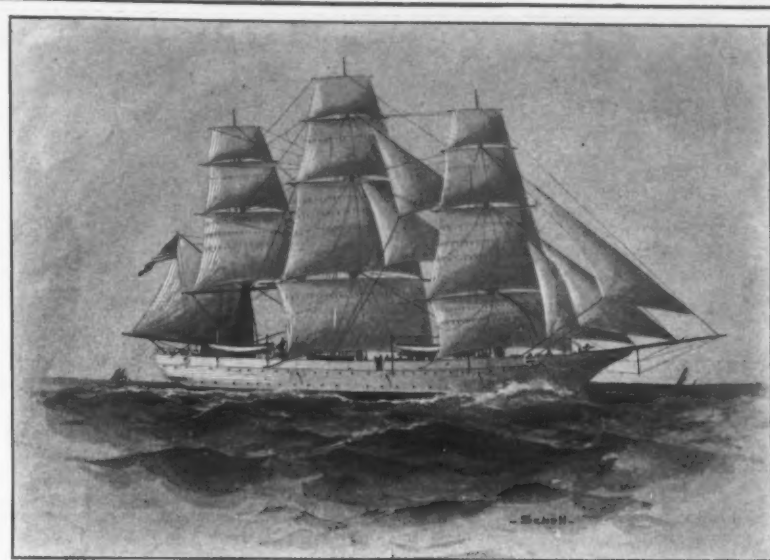
"SETTING-UP" DRILL—DUMB-BELL GYMNASTICS.

HOW UNCLE SAM TRAINS HIS

THE LIFE OF A NAVAL APPRENTICE ILLUSTRATED—PLENTY OF HARD WORK FOR THE BOYS WHO ARE TO BE THE FUTURE



AT THEIR FIRST DRILL IN HANDLING SPARS.



THE "CHESAPEAKE," THE LATEST AND FINEST TRAINING-SHIP, NOW BEING BUILT AT BATH, MAINE, FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVAL CADETS.



MENDING AND PUTTING KITS IN ORDER, PRIOR TO INSPECTION.



LIVELY ARTILLERY DRILL.

RAINS HIS YOUNG JACK-TARS.

TO BE THE FUTURE NAVAL HEROES OF THE REPUBLIC.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK H. CHILD, NEWPORT.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 43.]



FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, UNDER COMMAND OF REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON, FINISHES AN ALL-DAY CELEBRATION BY A MAGNIFICENT ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION ON JULY 3d, 1898.



ONE OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSES RECENTLY OPENED NEAR THE AMERICAN CAMP ON THE LINE OF THE DAGUPAN RAILROAD.



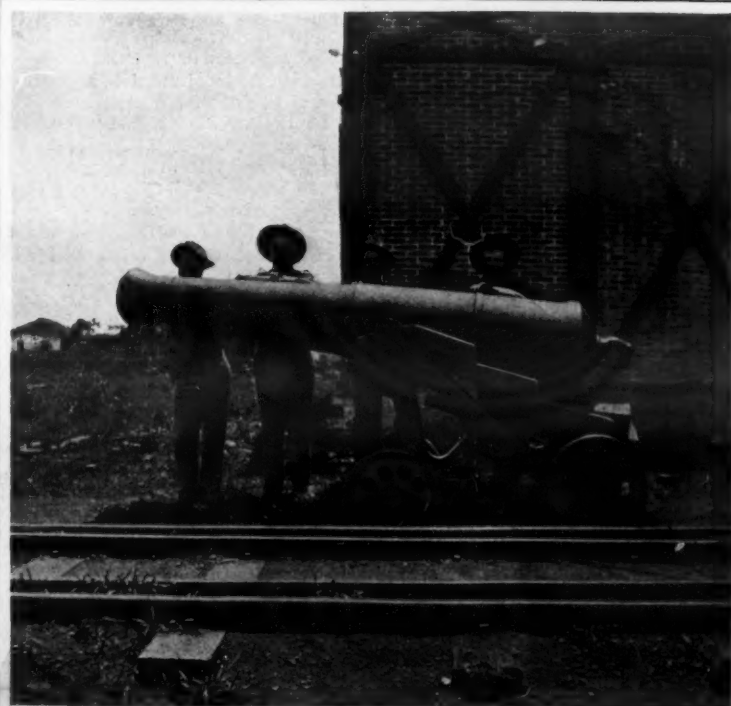
ONE OF THE ENTERPRISING NATIVES OF MALABON WITH HIS LARGE AND GROWING FAMILY.



DIGGING A TRENCH, NEAR THE CAMP OF COMPANY I, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS—LIEUTENANT CHAMBERS IN COMMAND.



THE HUNGRY BOYS OF COMPANY I, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS LINING UP FOR DINNER.



MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS BEHIND AN INSURGENT CANNON CAPTURED WHEN CALOOCAN FELL, AND FOUND LOADED WITH SCRAP-IRON.—THE BRICK WALL BEHIND THE GUN SHOWS A SHOT FIRED AT 1800 YARDS' RANGE BY THE UTAH BATTERY.



THE FILIPINO MAIDEN WHO KEEPS A CIGAR STAND NEAR THE MANILA QUARTERS OF COMPANY I, MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS, AND IS CALLED BY THEM "THE BELLE OF THE MARKET."

THE LATEST AND BEST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

REVELATIONS OF LIFE IN OUR MOST DISTANT POSSESSION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Why Pennsylvania Wins.

ELLIS WARD, WHO COACHED THE WINNERS OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE RACES, TELLS THE STORY FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW—HOW HE TRAINS HIS CREW, AND HOW MIKE MURPHY TRAINS THE ATHLETES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8th, 1899.—Coach Ellis Ward, of the University of Pennsylvania, straightened up the moment I mentioned the regatta which occurred at Poughkeepsie, and repeating my question, said: "How and why did Pennsylvania finish ahead of Wisconsin, Columbia, and Cornell? The crew was simply in perfect shape, and every man rowed precisely as he was told to row. That tells the whole story."

Ellis Ward is one of the most remarkable rowing experts in the world. Ever since he and his three brothers won the championship of the globe, in fours, at Saratoga in 1871 he has devoted himself to the development of one stroke. Mr. Ward is well-nigh fifty years old, tall and slender, and time is digging furrows in his cheeks and his forehead, but he has the muscular development of a blacksmith, to which is added the suppleness of an athlete.

"I tell you," he continued, "that never in my life have I seen such a set of men in a boat as rowed for Pennsylvania this year. This crew can pull three lengths, in four miles, ahead of any other in America, or in England either. It seemed to me that when the time came for the start in the Poughkeepsie race I simply had a set of models ready to go to work. I had instructed the boys to devote their attention entirely to Cornell. I made up my mind that there would be only two crews in the race. On the first start Wisconsin slipped a seat. It was purely an accident. Then there was something wrong with Columbia; I do not know what it was, but a third start had to be made. Before the race had gone a quarter of a mile I saw that we had as good as won. But there was one thing which astonished me a little. I did not expect to see Wisconsin in such great form."

"My boys obeyed their instructions to the letter. They were rowing thirty-four strokes and for two miles kept Cornell and Columbia well in hand. Then after half a mile they started after Wisconsin. They were some distance behind at that stage, but I knew just what endurance they had for a finish. The last mile could have been rowed at thirty-eight strokes just as easily as at thirty-four. I had often seen them do it. I would like to make one statement right here about that floating box that is said to have blocked the Wisconsin boat," Mr. Ward said, breaking into his story. "The box was just below the two-and-a-half-mile mark, instead of the three-mile, as has been alleged, and it was not in Wisconsin's way a particle. The whole cause of their veering at that point was a weakness on their starboard side. It has been said that Wisconsin caught a crab, and that lost them the race. I did not see any crab caught, although they splashed a good deal."

"The catching and passing of Wisconsin was one steady series of gains. My brother, who was at the four-mile line, says Pennsylvania finished four lengths ahead instead of the half a length allowed by the judges. I believe that. Why was Wisconsin beaten? Its crew was simply out-rowed. The Wisconsin are nice boys, but they cannot beat Pennsylvania's crew this year. I am willing to wager that put on a line with Wisconsin, my crew will beat them three lengths in four miles. Every University of Pennsylvania man," the coach went on, looking proudly at a member of the crew who was sitting near by, "finished as strong in that race as when he begun. Why, after the line was crossed they all threw up their hands and shouted to me to tell them the time. Gardiner jumped out of the boat and swam over to the university launch, Ben Franklin, where I was, but I shook hands with him and then pushed him off and made him swim back again."

"How would Harvard show up with Pennsylvania this year?" I asked.

Ward thought a moment and then he said: "Harvard would not stand a chance with either Pennsylvania or Wisconsin. Harvard's four-mile time in the race with Yale the other day was twenty minutes, fifty-two and one fifth seconds. The wind and the tide were with them. Pennsylvania's time at Poughkeepsie was twenty minutes and four seconds. My crew can row the course, and it has done so, in nineteen minutes and fifty seconds."

"It is generally understood," I said to Ward, "that you have a number of training tricks that are largely responsible for your results."

Ward laughed a bit. "That may be true," he began, meekly enough. "I have a special manner of training men. What I do might seem absurd to others, but at the same time I do not care to have any of my ideas known generally. For one thing, I am very particular about the diet, and my men must keep perfect hours. Another thing," the expert went on, impressively, "is the manner in which the boat is built. I have each boat constructed with an eye on every detail, and I make the oars myself. The crew has nothing to say about the rigging. My stroke differs from any other, too. It is genuinely American; nothing half English about it, and it has wiped up a British crew every time it has gone up against one. All the other coaches in the country have tried their hands at importing something. Bob Cook, for instance, got hold of some foreign ideas and so did Courtney. Harvard imported a coach. But I keep moving right along, and I have never been defeated yet."

Mike Murphy, the University of Pennsylvania trainer, has one peculiarity which has made him the most successful man in his line in the country. He combines an expert knowledge of human nature with an ability to turn men's muscles into iron. Pennsylvania had plenty of splendid athletes before Murphy came over from Yale in 1897, but it had never won championships, and consequently careful observers gave Murphy credit for having attained the victories of '98 and '99. Prior to this he had pushed the dark blue to premier honors.

Murphy is an old-time athlete himself, and understands all branches of field and track sports thoroughly. What redounds more to his success, however, is his quick and accurate Yankee judgment of mankind. Put Murphy out on the field with half a hundred athletes in front of him, and almost in a moment he will "size up" each one correctly. Let him have a conceited chap, a fellow who thinks he knows all about it, in charge, and

he will jump all over him. Give him a bashful chap and he will jolly him along "to the queen's taste."

I know no more striking example of this than Tewksbury, who for two years has won 100 and 200 yard dashes, beating some of the best men American colleges have produced. This famous Pennsylvania sprinter never had a running-shoe on before he entered the university. One day, over two years ago, while Murphy was training some men on the field, Tewksbury was tumbling about the grounds with some other students. Mike's eye dropped on him accidentally. The tall, slim boy from Wilkesbarre impressed the crack trainer wonderfully. Tewksbury, naturally bashful, thought Murphy was trying to "make game" of him, and when he was requested to sprint, refused. Mike, however, impressed his earnestness upon Tewksbury, and in less than three months he became the champion sprinter of American colleges.

In training, Murphy lives up to no prescribed rules, and thereby attains better success than any other trainer of athletes. There are two things, however, that he insists upon above all others—daily exercise and abstinence from tobacco. Tewksbury, for instance, likes cigarettes, and Murphy has trouble in keeping him in shape. By keeping men in daily active practice Murphy has their muscles and sinews limber and fit for ready action. By forbidding tobacco he obtains clear throats and lungs.

THAN V. RANCK.

Truth about the Filipinos.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THEIR CHARACTER—THEY HAVE MISTAKEN AMERICAN FORBEARANCE FOR WEAKNESS—THE SERIOUS PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTS US—HOW SHALL WE BEST MEET IT?

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, May 22d, 1899.—The discharge of a single Springfield on the night of February 4th, by an American soldier, was the death-knell to the so-called Filipino republic. Following up that almost hand-to-hand encounter at Santa Mesa, four miles from the heart of Manila, American arms have given the natives of Luzon a series of lessons in the art of war which must in time inculcate into their partially civilized heads a wholesome respect for the nation they were beginning to consider cowardly.

The conflict was not sought by us; on the contrary, human patience was tried to its utmost in our efforts to convince the Tagalos that we were their well-wishers and only real friends; that it was our aim to invite them to participate in a free government and become a part of the greatest modern commonwealth in the history of the world. We were trying an experiment, with the nations of the world as an audience. We were attempting to treat a race steeped in primeval superstitions and pristine ignorance as if they were our equals in comprehension and intellectuality, just as a patient pedagogue often stoops to the level of understanding held by his pupil, in order to gradually raise him to a higher plane. We heeded their whims, indulged their desires, and almost countenanced their ideas of government, that we might win their confidence and thus be in a position to advise and lead them into a clearer understanding of higher methods of government. But we had "bitten off more than we could chew." By inheritance, long association with an unscrupulous ruling power, and the individual misleadership of men of their own blood, they were incapable of grasping our intentions, and mistook our indulgence for weakness and our hesitation for lack of armed strength.

They, too, in their ignorance of the world, overestimated their importance and their power. There is an age every developing youth passes through when he is full of conceit and imagined strength and goes forth into the world confident of his prowess and his ideals. A series of hard knocks shatters his preconceived notions and, if he is properly guided and of good calibre, time sets him aright and man asserts and adjusts youth to the fundamental and existing laws and conditions of life. The Filipinos have never passed the age of conceit. Nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand have never been out of their native provinces. To the misfortune of the majority the minority, seeing the temptation for power over their brothers, grasped the coming of the Americans as an opportunity and hastened to organize armies and usurp the fallen Spanish régime of government. They found themselves, when Dewey's guns proclaimed the arrival of the stars and stripes, fairly well equipped to go ahead with the machinery that the Spanish were forced to leave. Three hundred years of friars necessarily gave them a glimpse into the book of knowledge, and reading, writing and arithmetic were tools to work with. Although general education was discouraged by the friars and the Spanish, it became necessary to deal out moderately the rudiments of education, in order to properly profit by the industry and natural skill of the native races. With this powerful equipment the Tagalos of Luzon aspired to a government and a place among the nations of the world.

Who shall say that the ambition was not creditable? Nevertheless the intelligent student of their affairs and their peculiar and half-developed character required but a short course to convince himself that they were not capable of successfully comprehending and establishing an independent government. It is true that they might have, for a time, managed their internal affairs with some success, but not the most sanguine of their disinterested admirers could claim that they had arrived at the age of man. So far as they succeeded in forming a government they were dependent upon half-castes and *nestizos* to lead and advise them. The half-caste is neither flesh nor fowl. His blood is an admixture of Spanish, Chinese, Japanese, Mohammedan, and Tagalo, and while the result often produces a shrewd business man and a capable professional, he does not possess that balance of qualities and sincerity of character that are so essential in a governing power. The half-caste is often a good citizen. He is sometimes well educated and frequently traveled. He is usually well-to-do and often rich, but he is too often unreliable and tricky.

To leave 7,000,000 half-civilized natives in his control would be a crime that would bring a swift punishment. Internecine strife and petty revolutions were already raising their heads throughout all the islands, even in the short time that Aguinaldo's government held sway in Luzon and the Visayas. What a

year would have brought forth is easy to predict. Property would have been at the mercy of the natives, and even under their régime Spanish estates were confiscated everywhere. Priests were ejected from their convents and Tagalo cures replaced, while even English and other foreign property was insecure. Past treatment from the Spaniards and the friars might, in a measure, seem to justify such harsh measures of revenge, but it is not the law of civilized warfare to confiscate wantonly non-comitants. Burdensome war taxes were levied upon native property owners, and the church was filched of its revenues.

Whatever good there is in native character—and I am prepared to put myself on record that there is much good in the Filipino—it would unquestionably not develop under a government made up of natives and half-castes. So, in its comprehension and understanding of the question, the American government, having exhausted patience and all reasonable resources to convince the natives of its well meaning, set forth a liberal proclamation asking the Filipinos for co-operation in establishing law and order in the islands, and offering them free religious toleration and a liberal share in the government, and, further, announcing the intention of allowing them to share in the revenues of the country by drawing upon the inhabitants for a military force and tendering such as were qualified positions of trust and power in the administration.

The document was mild-mannered and full of generous impulses and promises, but proved a fire-brand to Filipino wrath, and showed finally and conclusively that the leaders of the Filipino government had but one desire in their breasts: absolute independence. Just a month from the date of the President's proclamation, Aguinaldo having replied in a series of bombastic declarations, the flame shot up, and the ring of the musket out at San Juan bridge told all the world of our failure to make this stubborn and half-civilized people allies in our sincere purposes of giving them one of the most generous and liberal rules an aboriginal race ever had held out to them.

EDWIN WILDMAN.

The Famous Rough Riders.

THE FIRST REUNION, AT LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, OF AN ORGANIZATION RECRUITED FROM ALL STATIONS IN LIFE AND FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY, AND THAT MADE ITSELF FAMOUS WITHIN SIX WEEKS.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, July 6th, 1899.—The first annual reunion of Roosevelt's rough riders was held in New Mexico because forty per cent. of the regiment was enlisted there, five per cent. coming from Eastern cities and colleges, leaving the remaining fifty-five per cent. to Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. Las Vegas was selected from among the New Mexico cities because she made the most liberal offers of entertainment, aggregating more than \$8,000, all of which was subscribed in a few days. The time selected, the 24th of June, was the anniversary of the battle of Las Guasimas, when at one bound the rough riders leaped into fame.

This remarkable body of men had been recruited, organized, equipped, drilled, and taken into a winning action against a superior force, after traveling 5,000 miles to get there, and all within the short period of six weeks. Such a record is unprecedented, and at the close of the short war the rough riders were known throughout the civilized world, alike for their invincible daring and invariable success. Thirty-three per cent. of the regiment were either killed or wounded, among the number being forty-two per cent. of the officers. The regiment included full-blooded Indians, ranchmen, lawyers, college athletes, sheriffs, marshals, deputy-sheriffs, miners, cowboys, clerks, ex-football champions, ex-policemen, ex-ministers, ex-almost everything; men who had lived in the saddle, slept in their boots, handled weapons from their infancy—men who feared neither life nor death, man nor devil.

Colonel, now General, Leonard Wood, a surgeon in the army, was so full of courage, endurance, and judgment that he was taken from the doctor's place in the rear and put in command of expeditions against the renegade Apaches. Theodore Roosevelt, the most picturesque figure of the war—a Harvard man, a New York society man, a literary man, and yet a Western ranchman and hunter, stepped down from the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy to take second place in the regiment and then stepped up to the Governorship of the Empire State. Major Brodie was a West Pointer, whose love of wild Western life had made an Arizona of him for twenty years. "Bucky" O'Neill was an Indian fighter, a man hunter, dare-devil in general, and author of the immortal declaration, "Who would not gamble for a new star in the flag?" He placed his all upon the cast of the dice, and fell in the midst of glorious victory.

Camp Cochran, so named from the Las Vegas boy who died at San Antonio, Texas, the first victim death claimed from the regiment, had been beautifully laid out in the town's finest park, and here the visiting rough riders were handsomely entertained at public expense. The regiment was represented by nearly 200 members. Las Vegas was profusely decorated. A town of 10,000 suddenly expanded to a population of 15,000. Yet no serious accident occurred and no "bad man" made his appearance.

The festivities continued for three days, and from the moment of his arrival at noon of the 24th to the hour of his departure on the morning of the 26th, Colonel Roosevelt was the idol of the people as well as of the soldiers. The party accompanying the colonel consisted of Vice-President Morton, of the Santa Fé road, of whom and in whose special car Governor Roosevelt was the guest en route; H. H. Kohlsaat, proprietor of the Chicago Times-Herald, and H. J. Cleveland, correspondent for that paper during the Cuban war; Kennett Harris, of the Chicago Herald, also a Cuban campaigner; Life Young, proprietor of the Iowa State Capital and a companion of the rough riders in the hundred days' war; Captain Day, successor to Captain Capron; Lieutenants Ferguson and Goodrich, and Corporal Knaubach.

The sports of the reunion consisted of horse, bicycle and horse races, ball and tennis games, bronco "busting," and cattle roping contests. In the roping contests the best record made was one minute two and one-half seconds, though the greatest interest centred in Rough Rider Billy Woods, who took second

money in one minute and eight seconds. Billy was mounted on a leggy gray horse, and at the tap of the drum made a San Juan charge, caught his steer within seventy-five yards, and stretched him on the green sward in beautiful style, causing an uproar of applause. The steer was on his feet in a twinkling, but a dexterous twirl of the rope over the animal's loins and another quick run of the horse stretched his bovine majesty on the grass in a manner that precluded all possibility of his rising till tied. In bronco "busting" Billy Woods again was the winner.

One New-Yorker of the party was astonished at the Pueblo Indians who joined in the great parade. They were painted in war colors and dressed in the native dress. "Teddie" was seemingly the only word of English they knew, but that they repeated with yells of unbounded enthusiasm. At Camp Cochran the battle flag of the regiment was unfurled. Roosevelt looked at it, and as his lip quivered and the tears came into his eyes and his voice, he said, "Boys, it doesn't seem much to look at, does it? But it was worth a whole lot to us at San Juan hill!" Some one happening to say that the association should not let politics creep into it, a rough rider rejoined, "The only politics for a rough rider is Roosevelt!" At once was heard all over the room, "That's my politics!" Colonel Roosevelt was elected honorary president of the association for life; Colonel A. O. Brodie was re-elected president. The next reunion will be held on the 24th of June, 1900, at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

L. R. A.

College Base-ball Season of 1899.

(Continued from page 40.)

with Cornell, and lost to Lafayette. Chicago took two games out of three from Pennsylvania. Both teams would rank somewhere in the first group; but whether just ahead of Princeton or just behind her it would hardly be possible to say.

Merrifield and Vernon, of Chicago, and Blencoe and Flesher, of Michigan, are fine players, while Miller and Lunn, the Wolverine battery, would probably have won Yale or Harvard the championship.

In the far West the supremacy which Berkeley obtained over Stanford in base-ball in 1897 she has again asserted, winning the coast college championship in two straight games, 4-1 and 9-7. The sudden death of Stanford's pitcher and captain, Beckett, just before the season opened, was a blow from which her strong nine could not quite recover. For Stanford, Longheed and Swindells played fine ball, while McLaren, Cheesbrough, and Kaarsburg bore off most of Berkeley's honors.

A Schley Day Festival.

(Continued from page 41.)

Park at Glendale by trolley-cars. Not the least conspicuous and happy among the celebrants was Billy Boy, the ship yellow goat mascot. A still more interesting figure was the small Spanish bugler who was captured with the *Vizcaya*, and may be seen with a sailor comrade in one of our illustrations. The young Spaniard is now attending an American school and trying to become a good American citizen.

At the park the programme consisted of running and jumping contests, dancing, eating and drinking good things, and listening to several speeches and letters of regret. One of the speeches was made by Admiral Osbon, of the Naval Veterans, who always knows just what to say to jacksies, and one of the letters of regret was from Admiral Schley himself, telling how sorry he was that he could not be with them, and expressing the hope that "my brave boys will act up to the spirit of my report of last July 3d, that there was glory enough for all of us." On the whole, the first Schley Day was a great success.

Wall Street—The Day of Deals.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE sensational event in the stock market is the announcement that William K. Vanderbilt has finally secured a lease of the Boston and Albany Railroad for the New York Central, though the plan has not yet been fully consummated, and some foresee difficulties in the way that may possibly prove to be insurmountable. The mere rumor of "a Vanderbilt deal," however, had a stimulating effect on prices, and the Street was full of rumors of other deals which were to include the Fitchburg, the New Haven, and many other properties. Then came renewed reports of a deal to combine all the local traction companies in greater New York, and a deal by which the Chicago and Alton would take in the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf. The air was full of deals and rumors of deals, and the bulls were in high feather. The advance in the Vanderbilt stocks was used as a lever with which to lift the prices of all the other securities. But the industrialists still lagged and refused to respond to the market's resilient tone.

A bull movement must come shortly, if it comes at all, and the leaders in the Street who, for the most part, are loaded with stocks, will utilize the first opportunity to advance prices; and when the bull movement is well advanced will hasten to unload before the confusion and uncertainties of the Presidential campaign, and all their depressing influences, have to be met. Good bonds and gilt-edged stocks will advance as long as the rates for money keep at the low figures that have prevailed during the past year. But there are evidences that these rates may be advanced by the necessities of the industrial situation and possibly by other causes. The danger from strikes has not lessened, new competitors are springing up in the industrial field, the sugar war has not been ended, and we are not, as a nation, entirely free from the burdens which grew out of the Spanish war. The deficit for the fiscal year will be nearly \$100,000,000, with the chances that it will be still larger next year, and thus afford a basis for rampant demagogues to attack existing conditions and spread dissatisfaction and popular discontent. So I have advised my readers whenever they have a good, fair profit, to take it, and put their money in a savings-bank until they can reinvest

it during the depression which ordinarily attends a Presidential campaign.

"D." Morton Street, Brooklyn: The bonds are worth fully 85.

"Wallace," Tamqua, Pennsylvania: I cannot recommend securities of the company referred to.

"F. O. B." Saginaw, Michigan: The stock is not an investment; it is a speculation pure and simple. I advise against its purchase.

"J." Bluefield, West Virginia: The firm mentioned does considerable business, but it is not of the highest standing and the commercial agencies do not give it a rating.

"C." Brook Station, Massachusetts: A very excellent little investment guide is furnished to their customers by Henry Clews & Co., bankers, 11 Broad Street, New York.

"Fisher's Island," New York: Mexican National certificates at the price named could not by any stretch of the imagination be called an investment. Many have bought them purely as a speculative gamble. (2) I can not give an opinion regarding the mining stock. The one referred to has had a remarkable career, and has made many men wealthy and a great many more poor.

"H." Baltimore: Bay State Gas is as good a gamble as there is.

(2) I take no stock in the new whiskey combination. The whiskey concerns have made money only for the insiders. (3) A good bond netting a little over four per cent. is the general mortgage and collateral trust five-per-cent. bond of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York.

"Andrew," Chicago: I am inclined to think that a good many insiders have taken their profits in Missouri Pacific, Atchison and Rock Island, in the belief that these stocks will suffer by reason of a light wheat crop this year. (2) I would take the best industrial preferred stocks rather than the railroads you mention, at prevailing prices. (3) I still believe in holding Manhattan Elevated. Its price is low, as compared with the other local traction stocks.

"W. M." Wilmington, North Carolina: Not of the highest. (2) I do not know the party. (3) I take no stock at all in the so-called "investment agencies" that offer to do business for a percentage of the profits. As I have said before, these parties have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a venture. The history of these concerns is that they make a little money at the start for their customers, thus winning the confidence of the latter, only to betray it in the end.

"A Subscriber," Brooklyn: I would hold my Northern Pacific preferred, but would take an early profit. (2) It has had a strong support, and its friends call it a fair investment. In prosperous times I think it deserves that reputation. (3) Union Pacific common has almost doubled in price within a year. I do not regard it as a great bargain at forty, though its friends persist in advocating its purchase at prevailing prices. (4) Standard stocks like New York Central and Pennsylvania, and especially the former, will hold their own, even during the depression of the Presidential year. They will be less affected than purely speculative stocks. (5) I think well of the Union Pacific preferred. If the earnings continue at the present rate its price is justified.

"T." Augusta, Georgia: The parties referred to are flooding the country with circulars, inviting investors to hand out their money and run a chance of getting it back. I would not trust any of these soliciting concerns with funds for speculative purposes. (2) Union Bag and Paper Company, National Lead, American Linseed Oil preferred, American Steel Hoop, Pressed Steel Car Company. (3) Northwest preferred is undoubtedly of the first rank. I think well of Delaware and Hudson, Lackawanna, and the other coals. Burlington and Rock Island ought to be good things to hold. Among the cheap stocks, Norfolk and Western preferred has many friends, but it has been boomed a little too much. I still believe that Manhattan Elevated must eventually sell higher, if the other local traction stocks are worth their selling prices.

JASPER.

A Glimpse of Atlantic City.

ATLANTIC CITY, with its wondrous board-walk, furnishing a never-ending panorama of the men of every nation and every clime, this year shelters an unusually large number of men and women distinguished in all professions. Statecraft, finance, the professions are all represented in the crowd that swirls to and fro along the four miles of plank fronting the ocean. And there is perhaps no spot on the face of the earth where a man may so completely forget or be forgotten. In the placid-looking gentleman with the silver chin-tuft, the crush suit, the straw hat, one would find it difficult to recognize Senator "Tom" Carter, of Montana, who for four years was chairman of the national Republican party and ran the Harrison campaign. Mr. Carter is there for rest, and wants to forget that such a thing as a "platform" or a party ever existed.

"The Republican party," says Mr. Carter, "stands for extension of our commerce, for expansion, and a larger navy. I believe, too, that we are at last entering upon our full share of the commerce of the seas."

Senator Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, creeping along the walk in the shadow of the store awnings and dodging out of the sight of those likely to recognize him, is another familiar presence identified with the place. At times Senator Carter, Matt Quay, Boise Penrose, and Attorney-General Elkin may be seen in close conference on the porch of a hotel. There are nineteen giant hotels on the sea front, and new ones are springing up each year. Yet it is refreshing to see the old Windsor in its perfection of good taste and good management, quietly, steadily holding its ground through the years, and, in fact, growing stronger with time. The secret of the popularity of this famous house may be found in the grateful sense of quietude, dignity, and simple elegance that pervades the building in every part. The Windsor is the only house in Atlantic City where a man is not tied down to the dreadful mid-day dinner under a broiling sun, but may select his own menu and dine at the hour prescribed by the usages of modern civilization. The ship room, with its port-holes for windows, is beloved of old sailors. The marine room up stairs, carrying a captain's bridge, masts, shrouds, binnacles, belaying-pins and life-preservers, is dangerous to man, because there the summer maiden in her yachting-dress administers the *coup de grace* to her prey.

The Epicures of Savoy.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 8th, 1899.—In a former letter on the incomparable Savoy Hotel, I had referred to an interview with the "only Joseph." As a matter of fact he is, indeed, a little great man. He finds no fault if a patron does not like a dish which he knows to be good. "A woman may be pretty," he went on, "and you have no love for her. You may love an ugly one. No matter. You have your choice. My diner has his." Next this professor of gastronomy pointed out that to eat a dinner is as great an art as to cook it. "Well, how should you eat it?" "Oh, that would fill a newspaper. But I will tell you two things. Be in good appetite and drink the proper wines with the proper dishes. The proper wines being?" "Now, you want two newspapers."

It was some time after this I took Mrs. Stunner in blue and white, and wearing diamonds and turquoises by the peck, to a choice dinner I had prepared in honor of my fair guest; and the company in the Savoy Restaurant, the great room with mahogany panels, golden frieze and gold-and-red ceiling, on a Sunday night is as fine a society salad as any capital in the world can show. There was on this particular evening in our immediate vicinity a lady who once won celebrity on the stage, which she left to take a title and then became the chateleine of one of the great historical houses of England. There was an Indian Prince, the first swallow of the dusky, jeweled flight which comes periodically to the British capital. There was a lady who has the notoriety of having nearly ruined the heir to the throne of one of the kingdoms of Europe, and whose brown diamonds are the envy of all the connoisseurs of the world. There was a party of South African stockholders, who from their appearance did not suggest wealth, but whose united incomes would make the revenues of half-a-dozen Balkan kingdoms. And around the tables the waiters in their white aprons and the *maîtres d'hôtel* and the silver-chained *sommeliers* moved noiselessly, and the master spirit of the whole, Joseph, supervising all. Mrs. Stunner was doubtful as to trying the *caviare*. I should have remembered that she did not care for it; but the gray-green delicacy in its

setting of ice tempted her, and she owned to almost liking it. About the Borch soup there could be no two questions, and the cream stirred into the hot, strong liquid makes it the best soup in the world. The fish, a fish-pie, with its macaroni and shrimps, was delicious, and then came the triumph of the dinner. Cased in its jelly covering, served on a great block of ice, melting like snow in the mouth, Maitre Joseph's *mousse* was an absolute masterpiece. The *poulet*, too, was as good bait as it had been described to me, and the *parfait de foie gras* was another delight. The asparagus from France and the ice were but trifles of the dinner; but the ice swan that bore the little mock peaches was a very graceful piece of table decoration. When we had drunk our *café turc*, brought by the brightly-clad Asiatic, whom Mrs. Stunner christened "The Armenian Opera," and I had finally wheeled Mrs. Stunner in a gay hansom to her house-door, her last words were, "That *mousse* was an absolute dream." Monsieur Joseph also guides the destiny of "Joseph's" Restaurant in Paris, and his counsel is frequently adopted in the world-famous cuisine of the *Grand Hotel* in Rome.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

London in 1900.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 8th, 1899.—Among the many surprises which crowd the close of the present century none, I fancy, is more noticeable than the rivalry in hotels—a mad rush, as it were, for supremacy in catering. An international exchange of social and commercial amenities has given an impetus to this pursuit almost rivaling, and in some cases even exceeding, American progress in the domain of comfort and extravagant ease. London is resolved to be reckoned with as a factor in this race, and, in turn, has set the pace for the rest of Europe. But while this is true of London's resources, it was not until clever Mr. Ritz came from picturesque Switzerland and demonstrated his ideas to the *haute volée* of England. His bright genius soon attracted the nabobs of Belgravia, as previous to this he had made his work familiar to the *élite* of the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris. England's aristocracy was not slow to follow his Horatian code, for, in addition to poetic surroundings, and classic arrangements, he succeeded in an eminent degree to arrest the frivolous spirit of an opportunistic period, and led them gradually into the happy halls of Lucullus and Epicurus. He understood better than any other how to hold captive the passing hosts of voluptuaries and cynics, giving to each an equal measure of ease and pleasure, but so consistently tempered as to insure a favorable continuance of memory and personal esteem. By opening the *Carlton*, Mr. Ritz had added another link to the chain of his success. On a spot which, until a few years ago, was considered a stumbling block to the heavy traffic between Charing Cross and Piccadilly Circus, at the corner of Pall Mall and the Haymarket, famous in history as "the Queen's corner," now stands the latest and most complete leader among European hotels—the *Carlton*. Those of our many readers familiar with London will remember that this particular corner commands an unusually large front on both streets, with an incomparable view on Trafalgar Square, and the Crimean monument in an opposite direction. It is free from the noise of Charing Cross and the Strand; free, also, from the confusion of Piccadilly Circus, and still it is perfectly self-contained, and within a stone's throw of either, with London's incomparable bus system passing its doors. The busy scene of London life, as it rushes past in an ever-changing mood beneath the windows of the *Carlton*, is worth a day's travel to see and admire, for nowhere else, I dare say, can a similar kaleidoscope be seen. Americans will doubtless favor the Roman entrance and classic court, with its glass-covered terrace. Secure from noise, we have ample opportunity here to study the regal proportions of its lobby, or, more properly said, a series of lobbies, for, leading off from a large reception office, are several parlors and assembly-rooms in a semi-circle, rivaling in beauty and attraction. Venetian and Moorish ease, intended, I presume, to soothe our excited nerves, predominates everywhere. The tone in decorations and furnishings indicates a degree of refinement rather than voluptuousness. Replete as it is with appliances and provisions of latest inventions, its adoption and arrangement has been husbanded with rare discretion. It is rather by inference than demonstration we are attracted by the exceptional features in beauty and harmony. The grand parlor, stately and romantic, is a "centrale" or rendezvous for everybody, guest and native alike. Under the influence of cleverly arranged illumination, always in harmony with the Oriental temper of the house, it resembles a veritable midsummer-night's dream. Beautiful ladies, in *décolleté*, with smart gentlemen in evening dress, may be seen worshipping Epicurus to their hearts' content. In a future letter I shall speak on its *incomparable cuisine*, and the necromancer who guides its destiny, Monsieur Escoffier, as also the rare service and its vast wine cellars.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

Now Is the Time to Insure.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

ONE of the shrewdest financiers in Wall Street recently insured his life on the fifteen-year endowment plan, in one of the great New York companies, for as large an amount as he could afford. He said he did this purely as an investment, and he made the prediction that life insurance would never be cheaper than it is to-day. The rate of interest, he declared, was declining in every part of the civilized globe. It was declining rapidly in the United States, and within a few years insurance companies would have to increase their premium rates or lessen their stipulated returns to policy-holders, because of the reduced interest on their enormous invested assets.

The financier, who is one of the most level-headed men in New York's banking circles, says that no better form of investment can be secured than that offered by the ten, fifteen, or twenty-year endowment policy issued by any one of the great insurance companies. One's life is insured and his money at the same time is safely invested, so that at the end of the insurable period he receives all that he paid in and a handsome premium or interest. A number of other prominent men in banking and business circles who have not heretofore taken out life insurance have lately made an investment in this direction, and all are extremely satisfied with the expected results.

"J." Keokuk, Iowa: I cannot recommend that you accept the agency of the company referred to. It is a small company, and you can best judge whether or not it would offer you an opportunity for a livelihood.

"A. J." Syracuse, New York: The company referred to has been one of the strongest of the assessment concerns. I do not believe in the assessment plan of insurance. Whether I would drop my policy or not would depend upon my condition and circumstances.

"G." Silver City, Idaho: I do not believe in the form of policy offered to you. Bear in mind that "estimated values" are entitled to very little consideration. What you want is a guaranteed value, and behind the guarantee a company which by its success and growth has demonstrated the value of its guarantee. You will be entirely safe if you take a policy in the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

"S. H. M." Lincoln, Nebraska: The association referred to is an assessment concern, and as the ages of its members increase you will find that the assessments will also increase until finally they will become too oppressive to be borne. I therefore recommend insurance in an old-line company, which will divide its earnings with you, making your burden lighter from year to year and making your policy more valuable after the payment of each premium.

The Hermit.

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Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It is a wholesome tonic for body, brain, and nerves. Wonderfully quick in its action.

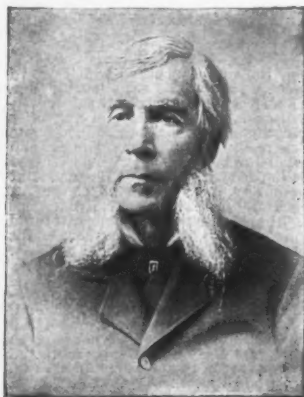
Prospective Mothers.

PREPARATORY Hints; Bathing; Clothing; Habits; Fresh Air; Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Company, New York, who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.

Telegraphy's Birthplace.

DEFINITE LOCATION, BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT AND AIDED THE INVENTOR, OF THE ROOM IN WHICH THE WORLD-WONDERFUL EXPERIMENT WAS TESTED—PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY'S DISCOVERIES, MADE AT THE VENERABLE BOYS' ACADEMY BUILDING IN ALBANY, NEW YORK—HE, AND NOT PROFESSOR MORSE, THE REAL INVENTOR OF ELECTRIC SIGNALING.

THE world's great inventions often form the basis of dispute. This was the case with the discovery of the electric telegraph, but the honor is accorded to Joseph Henry, and, fortunately, it is not too late to talk to those who, nearly seventy years ago, aided in his experiments. The person referred to is Hon. George W. Carpenter, of Albany, New York, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on May 17th.



GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

Like Professor Henry, Mr. Carpenter was a useful citizen at an early age, for when seventeen years old, in 1828, he was appointed first assistant engineer in the United States service. In 1830 he was appointed a teacher in the still famous Boys' Academy, at Albany, being only nineteen years old. Mr. Carpenter states that Henry was a silversmith early in life, and because of their mutual taste for civil engineering they grew to be strong friends. They were teachers at the same time in the Albany academy. Professor

the leisure which the voyage afforded, and I planned a system of signs and an apparatus to carry it into effect. I cast a species of type, which I had devised for this purpose, the first week after my arrival home, and, although the rest of the machinery was planned, yet from the pressure of unavoidable duties I was compelled to postpone my experiments, and was not able to test the whole plan until within a few weeks. The result has realized my most sanguine expectations."

Thus it will be seen that years before Morse, according to his own words, had commenced his operations, Henry had conceived and executed an experimental electro-magnetic telegraph of a mile circuit. Morse made practical use of Henry's discovery, and has been given more than his proper share of the credit. At one time in his youth Mr. Carpenter was a student under Henry. On afternoons he aided the professor in his experiments. He relates that one day, while walking in Albany, Professor Henry made the remark that between dreams and wakefulness he had imagined how a spark might be made to jump, and that by pursuing this study something fortunate for the scientific world might result. Before his class, one morning soon after, he rapped for order, and said that he wished to make a statement which was of peculiar interest. He told the students what had engaged his thoughts at night, and invited the scholars to descend to a room in the basement, where he wished them to witness an unusual experiment. He described how he could communicate sounds by means of breaking a circuit and having the magnet strike a small gong. This he demonstrated before their eyes, says Mr. Carpenter, but few present grasped the idea that what he had done would in the end mean so much to the world.

The room in which this was done was in the northwest corner of the basement, a low room with small windows, at present used as a store-room. A critical examination of the walls disclosed no trace of wire, nails, or of holes which might have been part of the experiment. The present janitor explained that the room has been whitewashed at least eight times in the past eleven years, and he no doubt has obliterated some relics that would almost be revered.

It has been said here that Mr. Carpenter saw the experiment tried in the basement, while the passage quoted from Professor Henry stated, "I arranged around one of the upper rooms in the Albany academy a wire." These statements appear at first at variance. The explanation is this. At that time Professor Henry had his class-room in the southwest corner of the main building on the first floor. Directly overhead he stored his instruments, used mainly in engineering. Next to this room was the large gathering hall of the academy, known now as the chapel. In those days this room was empty. It was not utilized for school purposes. This afforded abundant room for any service to which a professor might wish to put it. No doubt Henry strung his wire not only about the basement, but also up to the large room, to have two stations not within sight of each other. This was a test that

ments and for class instruction later. It is a small house of typical Dutch pattern, with a lightning-rod running above the roof. The house stands about ten inches high. What are known to be Henry's instruments have all been secured and saved as rare mementoes by interested parties, so there is a dearth of antiquities in the building.

Mr. Carpenter says that he helped insulate some of the wire, and that it was a tedious job. He says that woolen yarn was used to prevent contact with the walls, and he is particular to speak of winding the first wire used. He says that after some of this had been finished and tried in the experiment, a greater length was desired, and then Peter Smith, who had a wire-works on Beaver Street, in Albany, agreed to wind the rest, as it was too laborious work for the inventor and his friend. The wire was returned to the man who loaned it for a small sum, and no doubt has entirely disappeared, for many inquiries have been made concerning it, and without result.

The Albany Club possesses a fine portrait of Henry. Beneath it is an autograph letter, and also an inscription, which gives in brief the features of Henry's life. They are as follows: "Joseph Henry, LL.D., born at Albany, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1799; died at Washington, May 13, 1878. Professor of Mathematics in the Albany Academy, 1826; received honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Union College in 1829; in 1831-32 he exhibited in the Albany Academy and transmitted signals by means of his electric magnet through more than a mile of wire. This was undeniably the first example of what was virtually an electro-magnetic telegraph. Professor of natural philosophy in the College of New Jersey, 1832; first secretary and director of the Smithsonian Institution, 1846; president of the American Association of Science, 1849; received honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard University, 1851."

Mr. Carpenter was married in 1832, and Professor Henry gave him a reception at the time. The former was then twenty-one years of age. He has received many appeals for reminiscences regarding the telegraph, and delights in talking about the times when Professor Henry and he were close friends, and how they worked to make the telegraph something more than a bare experiment of the laboratory. This year is the centennial of the birth of Henry, and of peculiar interest is the fact that one century spans the periods, that before the birth of telegraphy's inventor and the wonderful step in its advance, the wireless telegraph system.

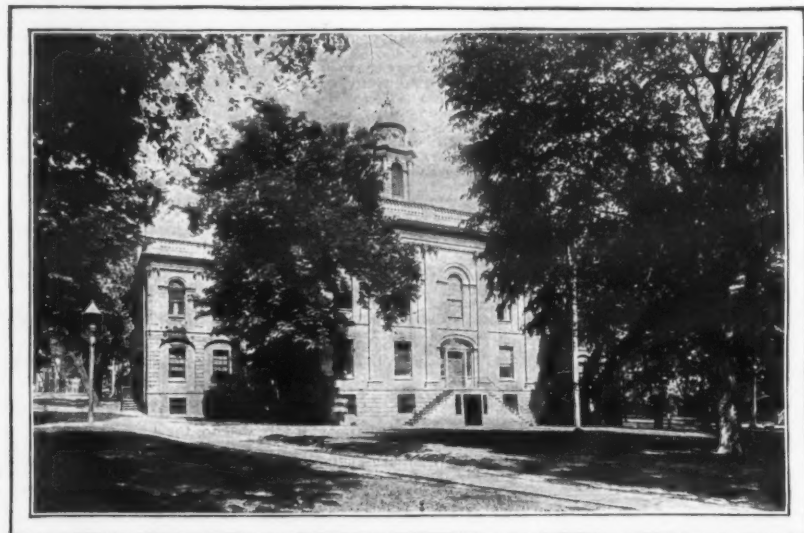
CUYLER REYNOLDS.

A Great City's Care for Its Poor.

UNIQUE PLAY-GROUNDS FOR CITY CHILDREN—A NOBLE WORK IN THE TENEMENTS.

No philanthropic enterprise of modern days has larger possibilities for good, or appeals more strongly to the practical sense, than the opening of play-grounds for the children of the streets and tenements in our great American cities. Hitherto these unfortunate little people have had either to suppress their play instincts entirely or choose their place for sport in noisome alleys and tenement-yards or in the open streets, with the fear of mother's broom or the policeman's club ever over their joy. Now the world is coming to a tardy recognition of the fact that in a healthy child the play instinct is as natural and legitimate as the desire to eat and drink, and that it is nearly as wrong and dangerous to deny or suppress the one desire as the other.

Play-grounds have been opened during the past few years in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and New York. Vacant lots and unused park areas are utilized for this purpose. Here swings, sand-heaps, gymnastic apparatus, and other provision for healthful and innocent sport are maintained, all under the



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, THE FAMOUS BOYS' ACADEMY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—IN THE ROOM REACHING ACROSS THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE SECOND STORY, PROFESSOR HENRY GAVE HIS DEMONSTRATION.

Henry, early in 1831, made a statement as follows: "I arranged around one of the upper rooms in the Albany academy a wire of more than a mile in length, through which I was enabled to make signals by sounding a bell. The mechanical arrangement for effecting this object was simply a steel bar, permanently magnetized, of about ten inches in length, supported on a pivot, and placed with its north end between two arms of a horseshoe magnet. When the latter was excited by the current the end of the bar, thus placed, was attracted by one arm of the horseshoe and repelled by the other, and was thus caused to move in a horizontal plane, and its farther extremity to strike a bell suitably adjusted."



DR. JOSEPH HENRY, INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH.

from Europe, he wrote, on March 10th, 1837: "In the year 1832, on my voyage home from Europe, the electrical experiments of Franklin upon a wire some four miles in length were casually recalled to my mind in a conversation with one of the passengers, Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, in which experiments it was ascertained that the electric current traveled through the whole circuit in a time not appreciable, but apparently instantaneous. It immediately occurred to me that if the presence of electricity could be made visible in any desired part of the circuit, it would not be difficult to construct a system of signs by which intelligence could be instantaneously transmitted. The thought thus conceived took strong hold of my mind in

would demonstrate the actuality of his contention that he could transmit signals from one place to another.

The large chapel is to-day shown to visitors as the room in which Henry made his demonstration. It is more than twenty-four feet high, with elaborate cornices and fine architectural features. Its frontage, along a beautiful park, is seventy-six feet. Its breadth is thirty-five feet. In the basement of this school, in the southeast corner, on the outside of which is a tablet of bronze to the memory of Henry, is the class-room for physics. Among the fine assortment of instruments is an apparatus noticeable because of its evident antiquity. Report during forty years has had it that this was one of Professor Henry's articles, used in experi-



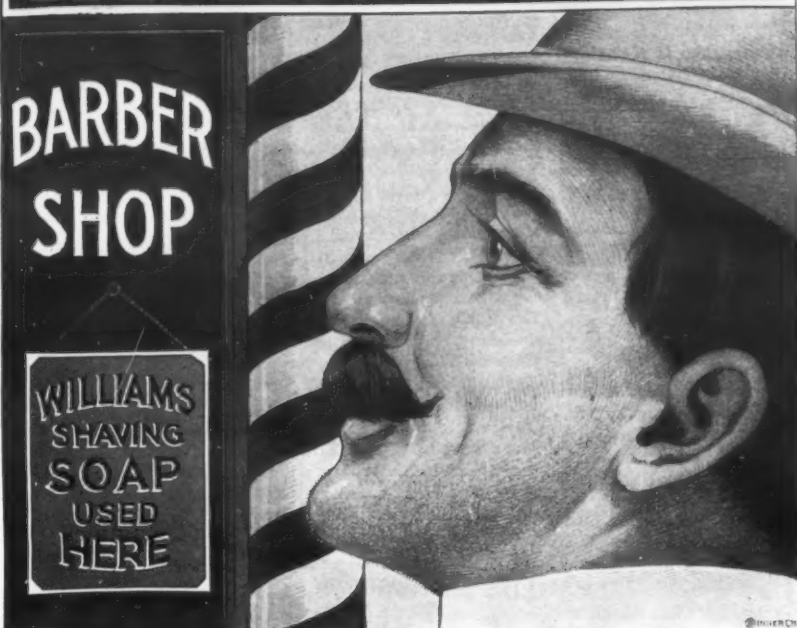
POOR CHILDREN OF NEW YORK, DRESSED IN THEIR BEST, AT THE PUBLIC PLAY-GROUND, SEWARD PARK, ON THE OPENING DAY.



CHILDREN ENJOYING THE OPENING DAY OF THE GYMNASIUM AND RACE-TRACK.

supervision of careful and patient men and women. In New York this work has been carried on chiefly under the auspices of the Out-door Recreation League. Play-grounds have also been opened in connection with the public schools. Our illustrations give two views of a play-ground opened by the Out-door Recreation League, on June 3d, in an open space known as Seward Park, near Hester Street and East Broadway, in the very heart of the most crowded section of New York. It is said that nearly 1,000 children were present on the opening day.

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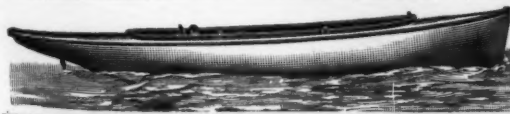
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PERRY PEACOCK, Manager School of Art Criticism,
110 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

THE UNKINDEST CUT.

Mrs. CRABSHAW—"My husband is very angry because the papers didn't print the speech he delivered at the mass-meeting."

Mrs. CRAWFORD—"Did they ignore him altogether?"

Mrs. CRABSHAW—"Worse than that. His name appeared among the 'also spokes.'"—Judge.

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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

REFRESHING—NOURISHING—SATISFYING. The verdict given Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry, by connoisseurs.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following personally-conducted tours for the summer and early autumn of 1899:

To the North, including Niagara Falls, Toronto, Thousand Islands, the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Roberval (Lake St. John), the Saguenay, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a day light ride through the Highlands of the Hudson, July 23d to August 7th. Rate, \$125. August 12th to 25th, visiting same points as first tour except Roberval and the Saguenay. Rate, \$100 for the round trip, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Proportionate rates from other points.

Five-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray, and Washington, September 16th. Rate, \$25 from New York, \$22 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

An eleven-day tour to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond and Washington, October 19th. Rate, \$65 from New York, \$63 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and further information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

The annual summer time-table of the West Shore Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, making the usual fast time through to Chicago and St. Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Express, and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Limited are shown on the new schedule, and commenced running June 25th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mountain service will be the running of a Catskill Mountain Sunday Special, which will leave New York at 10:00 A. M.

There are many improvements made in the local service. All trains running in connection with the Fitchburg Railroad on and after June 4th will run via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as heretofore.

The fast national limited train, known as No. 19, will run daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont and Hampton Ferry is shown as Cedarcliff.

A HEALTHFUL DRINK FOR HOT WEATHER.

This is the twenty-first season for that famous and healthful drink, Hires Rootbeer. The campaign has opened. The war against thirst is on, and of course Hires will reign supreme in an undisputed realm of its own. In all of these years it has stood proof against imitation and counterfeit, and now in its strength of full growth rises far above any serious competition.

Summer and Hires Rootbeer are associated in our mind as things inseparable. We look forward to that as a summer beverage as we look for the rising of the sun. It has been of inestimable value to thousands of people, supplying them at once with a delicious, healthful and thirst-quenching drink, occupying the same place at the family table as tea or coffee.

Its growth has been rapid and remarkable, long since reaching proportions never dreamed of by its proprietors. One of its remarkable features is its trifling cost; one package may be converted into five gallons of this delicious, sparkling, temperance drink, containing medicinal properties of well-known virtue.

ATLANTIC CITY HORSE SHOW.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The first exhibition of the Atlantic City Horse Show Association will be held at Inlet Park, Atlantic City, on July 13th, 14th and 15th, 1899. Liberal prizes guarantee a large number of entries and a high class of exhibits, and a carefully prepared programme promises abundant entertainment. This popular event will serve to still further increase the attractions of this great seashore resort. Excursion tickets to Atlantic City and return will be sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad from all stations on its line.

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Hardships of the Stage.

THE YOUNGEST LEADING LADY IN THE PROFESSION TALKS OF THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN HER CALLING.

ONE of the most successful actresses of her years is Miss Florence Rockwell, who, in a recent interview, described the hardships of the stage in the most interesting vein. Miss Rockwell knows what the struggle for supremacy is. At the age of fifteen she appeared in the trying character of *Juliet*, and is the youngest actress who has successfully appeared in that character in the United States. She was Sol Smith Russell's leading lady during the season just closing, and appeared in the same capacity with James O'Neill and the late Thomas Keene. She originated last season, in New York, the leading rôle in Franklin Fyles's famous war drama, "Cumberland, '61." Miss Rockwell is bright and attractive, full of spirit and ambition, and, though the youngest leading lady in the land, talks like a veteran. She says:

"Very few girls dream of the hardships that go hand in hand with a stage career. The applause, the flowers, the music, excitement, admiration, and the joy of acting which every really gifted girl must feel, only form half of the player's life. The reverse of the picture, viewed from the other side of the curtain, is not nearly so attractive. I have plodded for only five years along this fascinating road, and have still many ambitions to realize, with the best of my career before me. Nevertheless, I say to any girl with the requisite qualifications, 'It is worth trying.' Success, when it is gained, is worth all the hardships."

"By hardships I do not mean such things as taking trains at two or three A. M., losing sleep, missing meals, or playing in



FLORENCE ROCKWELL.

Copyright, 1897, by George G. Rockwood.

cold, damp theatres with dressing-rooms down cellar. These are simply part of the routine, and do not enter into consideration any more than the weather. The nervous strain of rehearsals and first-night performances is trying, it is true. Playing, as one is often compelled to do, when ill and almost unable to stand is very hard at the time. But all this, when over, is soon forgotten. The real hardships are the heartaches attendant upon the failure to realize one's ideals, the disappointments, discouragements, and the trials and pitfalls inseparable from the life of every girl who goes out to struggle with the world.

"Every one considering a stage career should know that the theatrical profession is like a game of chance, and ought not to be relied upon entirely for a living. To the girl who must depend upon her own efforts alone for her daily bread success is well-nigh impossible. Perhaps a few could be named who have succeeded under such conditions, but, as a recent writer put it, 'because a man has jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and escaped death is no reason why jumping from bridges should be recommended as a healthy exercise.' An actress, young or old, must have a home to go to, or sufficient means to maintain herself when out of an engagement. The failure of a play, a death, flood, or epidemic may at any time cancel a thirty weeks' contract and leave her two or three hundred dollars out of pocket for costumes. She cannot turn to any other vocation or make use of any sort of 'pot-boiler,' not because she is unfit for anything else, but because it takes all her time to watch for another opportunity and be ready to embrace it before it gets around the corner."

"She must always be well dressed, have her trunks packed, and be ready to take a part and a train anywhere, a few hours after the receipt of a telegram. If her purse is empty she must perform resign all her hopes. Or it may be that she can borrow. If she can she goes merrily along, and if all goes well she returns the money and is duly thankful for a prosperous season. But it is easy to form a habit, and perhaps in the course of a few years, though she has been able to maintain her position by means of what she has borrowed, her debts become a stumbling-block which requires the beneficent bankrupt act to remove. Having gained in artistic reputation she has lost some of her own self-respect and the confidence of those who gave her credit. It is easier for a United States Senator to live upon his salary than for a young actress to support herself until her reputation and popularity bring her a sufficient income."

"The personal qualifications of the girl who seeks a life on the stage should be, first, inborn dramatic talent; then, youth, health, magnetism, and abundant capacity for good, hard, honest work. A very valuable adjunct is a temperament which will enable her, when the clouds of adversity are thickest, to wait until the sun shines again, with abiding faith in herself and her own lucky star. The aspirant possessing these qualities will sooner or later find a place in the profession, for there is always room for her."

"To study for the stage, a girl should study every" "p

Broad culture is of inestimable advantage. She should study people, see good acting, and should begin to act herself at the earliest moment. Coaching before the first plunge is a great help, for in a very short time one is then able to acquire many little things which otherwise would take months to master. Private lessons from some experienced professional are greatly superior to instruction obtained in dramatic schools, for in my humble judgment all schools have a leveling tendency which destroys rather than fosters individuality—the player's great stock in trade.

"The girl who really succeeds will go upon the stage because she can't help it—impelled by an irresistible fate or fitness—will be contented in the work for love of the work, and though it be for sixty years, like that dear old lady, 'Mama' Baker, who recently retired beloved by all who knew her, will say it has been sixty years of happiness!"

The World's Champion Grape-vine.



ting flourished and grew to unusual proportions, although she repeatedly cut it back. She retained ownership of the land and

HE mammoth vine herewith photographed looks as though it might be a survival of Noah's vineyard, which he planted immediately after the flood. As a matter of fact, it was set out in 1842 by a Spanish woman, Joaquina Lugodi Ayala, at Carpentaria, in Santa Barbara County, California. Under her care the little grape-cutting

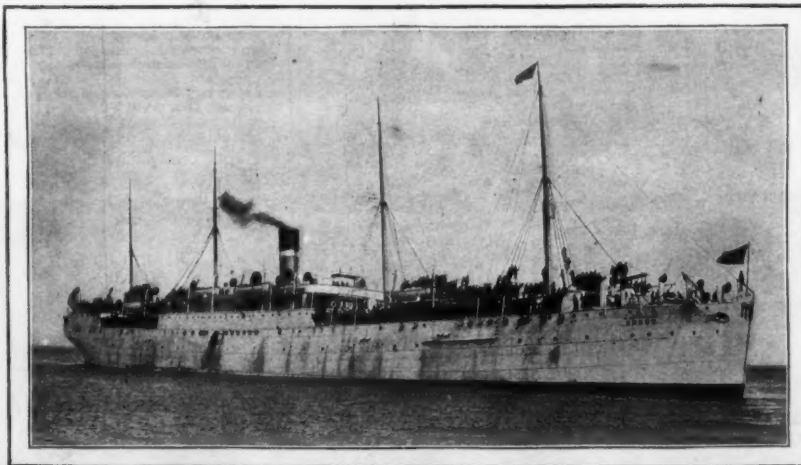


THE WORLD'S GREATEST GRAPE-VINE.

the vine until 1877, when the property was purchased by Jacob Wilson, the present owner, himself a pioneer. Donna Ayala died three years ago, aged eighty-four, but to the last retained the greatest interest and pride in the mammoth vine she had planted and tended.

The massive trunk of the vine is seven feet eight inches in circumference, its size and appearance suggesting an oak rather than a grape-vine. Its branches rest on a stalwart frame, covering a space one-third of an acre in extent. It grows rapidly, and would undoubtedly attain even greater dimensions were it not that the owner, having reached the limit of the space he has reserved for his giant vine, and being unwilling to concede it more room, cuts it back every year.

The frame over which the vine is spread is strongly built, as



THE TRANSPORT "GRANT," CROWDED WITH REGULARS FOR MANILA, SAILING FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

is required to support the tremendous weight of grapes annually yielded by the vine. Sixty stout posts, with heavy cross-beams, form the foundation for the grape-laden branches. The vine is of the Mission variety, and is so prolific that in 1893 it bore eight tons of grapes, and last year the owner took ten tons from the vine, in addition to as many clusters as the neighbors cared to carry away.

This Carpentaria vine is much larger than the celebrated grape-bearer of Hampton Court, England, which has been regarded as one of the horticultural wonders of the world, and by many claimed to be the largest in existence. In 1877 a grape-vine from Montecito, Santa Barbara County, was admittedly the largest in the world. It was removed in sections and set up in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, where it attracted much attention. The Carpentaria vine is now one-third larger than was the Montecito product when exhibited.

Beneath the thick leaves of the vine eight hundred persons could find protection at the same time from the summer heat. The people of the neighborhood have often assembled under the spreading branches for public meetings. Thirty years ago the vine formed a roof over so large a space that it was used as an election booth. The first election in Santa Barbara County under American rule was held beneath its bunches of ripening grapes. Colonel Russell Heath, the pioneer walnut-grower of Santa Barbara County, a neighbor of Mr. Wilson, was then sheriff of Santa Barbara, and the election was held under the vine by his direction. The space thus utilized was larger than any available room in the vicinity.

The Post-office a Trade Barometer.

BAROMETRICAL tests more surely indicative of fairer winds and clearer skies for our financial and industrial interests cannot be found than those furnished in recent reports of our Post-office Department, showing an enormous increase of postal receipts, a large number of new post-offices, and the enlargement of many old ones. At the present rate of increase it is estimated that the total receipts of the department this year will range between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000. Last year they were about \$89,000,000. It is proposed also to advance about 100 post-offices from the fourth to the third class. All this speaks of increased activity and a larger volume of exchange among the people, and so of the better times at hand.

More Troops for Manila.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10th, 1899.—The transport *Grant* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines on Decoration Day. She carried over 2,000 persons, including 1,700 men of the Sixteenth United States Infantry. These men were quartered between decks, while the officers of the regiment, several officers belonging to other commands, and the engineers destined for Honolulu were quartered in the cabin. The *Grant* had been carefully fitted up by the government, and the men were comfortable. The troops were paid off just before the transport sailed, and all of the men had two months of back pay, and some of them had more. The officers had considerable piles of shining "twenties." After being paid off none of the men were allowed ashore,

and they will have money enough to make themselves comfortable when they reach Manila. A great crowd lined the wharves to see the last of the *Grant*, and in honor of the holiday all the shipping in the harbor was gayly decorated. The regimental band was playing patriotic airs on the deck as the *Grant* dropped from sight, and every inch of rigging as well as every port-hole was crowded with men anxious to see the last of American shores. They seemed gay enough over the parting, for these men believe, as many others who read the papers and fail to look between the lines, that the war is almost over, and that all we have to do is to take possession of the promised land and hold it forever.

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4	Arrow and the Song (The), Ciro Pissuti	10	Swinging, Michael Watson
119	Baby and I, John De Witt	86	Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-Ta-Ray, H. L. Brannon
127	Bend of the River (The), Jacques Blumenthal	70	Tell Me Truly, A. M. Wakefield
124	Bring Back Thy Sunshine, Marie Planquette	67	That Is Love, Felix McGlennan
95	Bring Back Thy Sunshine, Marie Planquette	93	The Boy I Love, Sol. Smith Russell
113	Come Quickly to Me, W. L. Mason	38	The Song For Me, Michael Watson
84	Come to the Sunset Tree, Mrs. Hemans	57	The Sweetest Tune, Franz Abt
78	Comrades, Felix McGlennan	14	Thou Art The Star, Frank Milton
63	Cuckoo Song, F. G. Cole	49	Trilby, M. DeMartha
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102	Days of Childhood, Edward Barnett	79	Watchman, What of the Night?, Ch. Gounod
40	Dear Heart, Tito Mattet	76	When I View the Mother Holding, Anon
46	Dream Faces, W. M. Hutchinson	80	When I Was a Lad, Sir Arthur Sullivan
61	Douglas Tender and True, Lady John Scott	83	When Soft Eyes Smile, Joseph L. Rockel
121	East Side Belles, B. H. Janssen	77	When Twilght Gathers In, J. L. Malloy
121	Fair Janette-Duet, Franz Abt	13	When You Press the Little Button on the Wall, John Keynton
44	Forget, Forgive, Milton Wellings	22	Why Did We Love So Well, Charles E. Pratt
118	Forget Me Not, Wilhelm Ganz	5	Why Tarrys My Love, T. Welch
111	For the Flag I Die, Dear Mother, Harry Osborne	8	Willie's Coming Home To-morrow, H. St. John
137	For the Old Love's Sake, Edw. Carpenter	88	Will Your Heart Respond to Mine, L. Duwvier
70	Girl I Met on the Farm, The, Jno. Road		
92	Golden Years Are Fleeting, Louis Diehl		
50	Happy Little Country Girls, Elizabeth Philp		
33	Has Your Heart Grown Cold, Ernest Vane		
65	He Is An Englishman, Sir Arthur Sullivan		
7	Hour of Rest, The, Joseph L. Rockel		
94	How Will He Ever Catch Them? Comic, W. Taubert		
122	If Mother Were Only Here, Harry Osborne		
71	I'll Meet Her When the Sun Goes Down, Wm. Welsh		
17	I'm Looking For the Owner, Comic, R. P. Collins		
25	It Seems to Me, Sidney Jones		
16	I Want to See Mother Once More, A. T. Barnes		
89	I Whistle and Wait for Katie, Michael Nolan		
24	Jimmy on the Chute, Harry Greenbank		
66	Kate, Poor Kate, Comic, Kate Roy		
20	Kiss the Little Ones For Me, Herbert Stanley		
55	Let Music Break on that Blest Morn, Christmas Carol		
96	Little Annie Rooney, Michael Nolan		
54	Little Buttercup's Song, Sir Arthur Sullivan		
31	Little Coquette, Alfred G. Scott		
90	Little Fisher-Maiden, Ludolf Waldmann		
1	Longing, W. L. Mason		
131	Longing for Home, Henning Von Koss		
26	Love's Dream, Waltz Song, Harry Desmond		
56	Love's Soft Greeting, N. L. Gilbert		
72	Love That Slumbers, Milton Wellings		
4	Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, Gilbert		
87	Many Years Ago, Sir Arthur Sullivan		
82	Mary and John, Oswald Stoll		
101	Ma Sugar Babe-Coon Song, Alma Mitlenus		
85	My Lover's Heart Is True, Nicola Ferri		
32	My Own Little Sweetheart, Harry Osmond		
28	My Rosebud and Me, Alfred Yorkie		
91	My Sweet Jessie, Charles W. Pearce		
114	Nancy Lee, Stephen Adams		
12	Norah, A. Souk		
9	Old Folks at Home, S. C. Foster		
125	Once or Twice, Solo or Duet, John Cooke, Jr.		
42	Only Love Can Tell, Berthold Tours		
116	On Youth's Golden Shore, Waltz Song, Nickerson		
30	Peggy at the Gate, Alfred Yorkie		
68	Playmates, Edmund Forman		
19	Private Tommy Atkins, S. Potter		
34	Roses Fair are Dreaming, George L. Jameson		
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since we started to urge its purchase a few months ago. Note the following absolute
quotations from our Weekly Market Letters and Daily Reviews:

From our Weekly Market Letter of April 15th, on which day Gould closed at 12½: "Gould is
one of the few stocks showing a fair advance over last week's quotations. We have frequently mentioned
this share in our Daily Reviews in the local newspapers, always advising its purchase at considerably lower
prices than the present, but we still look upon it with decided favor. The Company's patented property on
Raven Hill is splendidly located and is, we believe, destined to join the great shippers of the camp."

From our Weekly Market Letter of April 20th, on which day Gould closed at 15¾: "Gould,
which has advanced about 100 per cent, since we started to advise its purchase a few months ago, contin-
ues very strong and will, we believe, go higher immediately."

From our Daily Review of March 7th, on which day Gould closed at 8¾ bid, 9 asked: "Gould
continues very strong and should go higher."

From our Daily Review of March 21st, on which day Gould closed at 9¾ bid, 10 asked: "Gould
remains strong and we still look upon it as an excellent purchase."

From our Daily Review of April 17th, on which day Gould closed at 13 bid, 13¼ asked, in refer-
ring to Gould we stated: "We believe it will go still higher."

From our Daily Review of April 10th, on which day Gould closed at 14¾, in referring to Gould
we stated: "We still think this stock will sell higher."

From our Daily Review of May 1st: "The advance which we have predicted for Gould continues,
that stock selling to-day up to 17¾ with that bid for more at the close, and we still predict higher prices
for it in the immediate future."

From our Daily Review of May 3d: "Gould is extremely active, opening at 18¼ (slightly under
yesterday's close) and declining quickly to 17¾, from which it advanced without a break to 20, where the
final sale was made; over 60,000 shares sold, 20,000 shares of the stock going at the top price; this was a
particularly material advance considering the general decline of the market, but we anticipate even
higher prices on this share."

From our Daily Review of May 4th, on which day Gould closed at 23¼, in referring to Gould we
stated: "We have persistently urged the purchase of this stock since it was selling at about 7 cents, and
although in consequence many of our clients have excellent profits we advise them to hold for even
higher prices."

ON MONDAY, MAY 8TH, GOULD SOLD AT 30 CENTS.

Every one of the above quotations is exactly as stated, namely, from the Daily Re-
views or Market Letters mentioned, and they were published on the day following the
dates given and may be seen by referring to the Denver Republican of said dates, or on
file at our office. Gould is only one of many stocks on which we have recently made tre-
mendous profits for our clients, and we now have in view another low-priced share that will,
we believe, have a greater advance even than Gould has had. We are investigating it care-
fully, as we did GOULD, and if we come to the conclusion that it is absolutely all right, we
will be pleased to furnish applicants with full information. Send us your name to-day, so
as to give us the opportunity of making money for you.

Weekly Market Letter and latest Descriptive Pamphlet free upon application.

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We desire to call particular attention to the following

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:

David H. Moffat, President First National Bank, Denver.
Eben Smith, Mine Owner, Denver.
International Trust Company, Denver.
Wm. A. Farish, Mining Engineer.
Simon Guggenheim, Mine and Smelter Owner, New York, Mexico and Denver.
H. H. and L. H. Tomkins, Bankers, Mine Owners and Merchants, Denver, Leadville,
Aspen, Creede, Cripple Creek and Westcliffe, Colorado.
Exchange National Bank, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
First National Bank, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
William H. Lee, President Merchants Laclede National Bank, St. Louis.
J. B. C. Lucas, President Citizens Bank of St. Louis.
Charles E. Corwith, Capitalist, Chicago.
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